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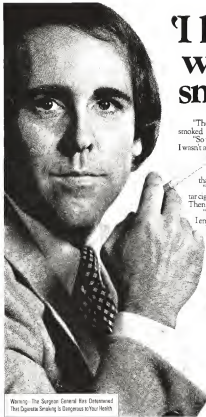
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Victor Drouhard

Victor Drouhard
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There is one graph in this book in which the nodes of the graph are actually labels appearing on the back of the

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Backstage with Esquire

Death Tracks



Kubrick behind the wheel on Andre's non-Grand Prix course in California.

There's a rule in journalism about reporters not getting too close to their stories. Usually it means keeping some distance—mostly, unspoken—between yourself and sources so that you retain some perspective on the subject. In the case of covering a race-car driver, I discovered it means something a good deal different. It means keeping your distance to protect yourself from the very real possibility that you will develop a new friendship that will end abruptly in mourning.

Fortunately, that did not happen with Mario Andretti. Mario is a survivor. In two decades of racing, he has walked away from more than his share of bad crashes. He is accustomed to working just this side of certain death. Somehow, he makes it seem casual, easy. I found Andretti at a gross luncheon before this spring's Long Beach Grand Prix. He was mingling there over the disputation of hundreds of champagne glasses—a publicity stunt for Marl & Chandon. He seemed an lighthearted as the champagne. Later, I followed him through his paces at Monte Carlo. We talked in the pits, the garage, and on a leisurely afternoon spin along the Côte d'Azur. Mario never seemed like a man about to drive at insane speeds. He offered to drive me around the Monte Carlo course at 100 mph in his sports car, to give me a *Scholar First* media One racing. Race officials squashed that idea by demanding \$2,000 to "rent" the use of the course.

One day at Monte Carlo, Mario invited me to lunch with friends and fellow members of his Lotus team. I had a chance that day to talk to Swedish driver Ronnie Peterson. He was Mario's teammate. He was relaxed, almost shy. None of the trademark associates with big-time racers. I liked him.

By September, Ronnie Peterson was dead, victim of a crash in the Italian Grand Prix.

—P.T.



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The Sound and the Fury

In Defense of the Law

I was dismayed to read Robert Coram's article ("The Colombian Gold Rush of 1978") in the September 12 *Esquire*.

The drug enforcement problem is enormous and complex, but Mr. Coram's article gives no credit to the significant progress that has been made over the past year.

For instance, the price of marijuana in Colombia, the wholesale center, has risen from about \$20 to between \$50 and \$80 per pound. And the market has tightened to the point that business is now conducted on a cash rather than a credit purchase basis.

Mr. Coram also does not mention that government seizures of marijuana mother ships have increased tenfold in the last year, reflecting improved coordination and not a sign of complacency among federal agencies.

Among other things that engaged Mr. Coram's reference are the significant, on-going investigations in Miami and Colombia; a joint FBI and DEA task force set up in Miami to investigate the drug money flow; significant arrests and in-

dications that have taken place, such as that of Jose Amis, who was arrested in Puerto Rico with \$5 million in currency chafin hidden in his shoes, seizures of over 1,000 pounds of cocaine valued at one half billion dollars in the Bahamas, and seizures of nearly 2,000 tons of marijuana from Latin America between October 1, 1977, and June 30, 1978—more than three times the average seizures in each of three preceding years.

A Colombian gold haul of 1978 has indeed been taking place, but Mr. Coram's article does a disservice to the dedicated men and women of many different agencies—federal, state and local—who have been fighting this uphill battle with pride in their work and commitment to their mission.

Peter B. Bontlinger

U.S. Department of Justice
Drug Enforcement Administration

Robt. Coram replies:

Mr. Bontlinger's points are no errors or omissions; however, the *Esquire* magazine, and effort spent trying to find cash with the article had been up and out in the

Esquire, he could have added the seizure of three more mother ships to his self-writing disquisition.

Misrepresentation

I read with great interest Steven Brill's article "Lapwing Red & D" (*September 78*). There is one particular quote that I think warrants correction. On page 16, Miss Press states that "NATO (National Association of Theater Owners), which is dominated by the big chains like Walter Reade and Loews, has lobbied so much that it will likely work against their smaller members."

Firstly, the Walter Reade Organization is not a member of NATO and has not been for quite a while. Secondly, far from being a giant, our circuit is comprised of twelve theaters.

Sheldon Gussberg
Walter Reade Organization
New York, N.Y.

Letters to the editor should be mailed to: The Sound and the Fury, *Esquire*, 488 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.



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And if its roadability and ride are special, Berlinetta's interior is equally so. There you'll find custom-tailored cloths in fine cuts and colors. Freshly designed front bucket seats carry you in comfort. Berlinetta's instrument panel—including tachometer, voltmeter, temperature gage and electric clock—is newly designed for quick, easy reading.

Outside, there's a special Berlinetta grille treatment, dual pin striping, blackened rocker panels, color-keyed custom-styled wheels, sport mirrors, and distinctive Berlinetta nameplates, front, side, and rear.

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Full Disclosure

by Dan Dorfman

Carter: Economic Illiterate?

A blast from Roy Ash: "Our economic machinery is out of control"

About three months ago at a private meeting in London, fifty-nine-year-old Roy Ash, Nixon's inaugural budget boss, gave a talk to the European Republican Club that was provocatively titled, "Can Jimmy Carter Be President?" His conclusion: "Yes, he can be, but will he?" His knock at the President was never reported. Nor did Ash, normally not one to show publicly, have any desire for press coverage. You see, Ash, the chief executive of Addressograph-Multigraph Corporation, a leading business equipment manufacturer, sits on Carter's Advisory Committee on Federal Pay. And it could be darn awkward dealing face-to-face with a man you've ridiculed. Apparently, though, Ash is so fed up with Carter's economic ineptness that he's now willing to zap him publicly.

"He [Carter] simply hasn't mastered the process of being President—and he has to change his ways because the economic machinery of the United States is out of control," Ash told me the other week, when I dropped in to see him at Addressograph's executive offices in Los Angeles. Citrus, among other things, growing inflation and the President's unwillingness to deal with it effectively, the hefty federal deficit (\$55.1 billion), the administration's lack of economic focus, and a poorly conceived tax program, Ash says. "At least in our time [the Nixon regime] the executive branch was in control [of the economy]."

Ash never said it in so many words, but his message was clear: He strongly suspected that the President is an economic climber.

The co-founder of Lister Industries, Ash had several thoughts as to why he ought to be done. For starters, he thinks Carter has to go beyond mere statements that inflation is the country's number-one problem and make definitive commitments about what should be done to reduce it. One such thought is to state publicly that he thinks the Federal Reserve Board ought to initiate a fairly tight monetary policy, limiting money growth to no more than 3 to 4 percent annually. Ash also believes the President should dis-

Don Dorfman reports on the system to end Jimmy and world's with USIA.



Ash: We've saved America's life in death.

ally himself with the school of thought that holds that a realistic jobless rate in America is 3.5 to 6 percent (rather than 4 percent or less as typified by the supporters of the Humphrey-Blawie legislation). And he further says the President should be held accountable to his promise that he would cap federal spending to 21 percent of the gross national product versus its current 22.3 percent. That extra 1.5 percent may not sound like a lot, but it's quite meaningful. Every additional 1 percent is equivalent to \$30 billion plus in federal spending.

Ash admits that his suggestions have distinctly negative implications—namely rising interest rates (which could slow economic growth appreciably because of costlier borrowing) and a sharp increase in the number of jobless, perhaps by a couple of million people. "I'm not saying they're easy things to do," says Ash. "But the President has got to be willing to take the heat. To ask out the medicine that's needed now, not only to reduce inflation but to get the economy moving again."

Ash says the United States surely needs a no-nonsense economic focus at the top—divest of the steady stream of office conflicting and embarrassing statements that come out of various administration offices. Toward this end, he

suggests that the country's economic organization be restructured under presidential appointment of a counterpart of National Security Council chief Zbigniew Brzezinski who, like Brzezinski, would have the full confidence of the President. At present, the economic function is chiefly split among three men: Charles Schuler, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers (CEA), Treasury boss Mike Blumenthal, and top presidential inflation fighter Bob Strauss.

Ash doesn't think either Blumenthal or Schuler qualifies for the job of economic overseer—a position that would involve forecasting and reforming economic policy, with the CEA's providing input (rather than being a decision maker) and the Treasury's carrying out policy. Ash believes Strauss could probably fit the bill, but he offers no the "ideal candidate." Du Pont head Irving Shapiro.

Ash, as I've mentioned earlier, takes a dim view of Carter's proposed tax bill, saying that it fails to get to the heart of the matter. President (or president-elect) Carter) that simply reduce the capital tax rate or increase the investment tax credit (both of which add to industry's cash flow) are just not enough, he declares. Ash's recommendations: Slash the tax rate on capital gains reductions and making stock options more attractive. The U.S. economy, he says, has moved forward on risk makers, on venturers, and we have to be willing to have a few risk people to upgrade the standard of living for everybody else. The way things now stand, it's hardly worth taking a risk anymore because we've taxed America's life out of existence.

Ash, repeatedly clenching his hands as he sought to drive home a point, may be right. But at least one risk maker hasn't been deterred—Ash himself.

Back in September of 1976, he took the helm of problem ridden Addressograph and bought 500,000 shares of the company's stock at \$9 a share. That \$2.7 million represented a substantial chunk of his assets. That's far, at least, it's been a risk well worth taking. The stock was recently trading at about \$27 (after having topped earlier at over \$32)—earning Ash a net paper profit of \$5.4 million. The big rea-

loss for the stock's owners a major loss—around \$1 billion in the company—down from \$19.2 million loss in fiscal 1977 (ending July 31) to a profit of \$18.1 million, or \$3.54 a share, in fiscal 1979—piced by heavy cutbacks of less operations, unprofitable projects, and excess personnel.

What'll be the day for an investor? Ash figures fiscal 1979 should be another good year for the company, and he told me he was comfortable with Street estimates of \$3.25 a share. Aside from cutbacks and head-off management, Ash's message, he says, should

benefit directly from above-average revenue growth (20 percent) and in such areas as word processing, micrographic products, and management control systems. He also tossed in a kicker—a possible acquisition. Ash says several are being explored, including a Big Board company.

It's overall '79 economic outlook assumes about a 3 percent gain in real gross national product, although he cautions that there's a big unknown that must be monitored—namely whether

consumers have cooled up their buying capacity by stocking up much of their future.

Shortly before we parted, Jimmy Carter's name cropped up again. And this prompted me to ask Ash—based on that bold question he raised in London—whether he thought Carter could make it as President economically.

His generous reply: He can still do it, but he has to change some... because his actions are just adding to inflation. The issue is over for meaningless bureaucratic gestures.



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The Market Mood of the Biggies: A Risky Game for the Near Term

A hot stock picker inevitably attracts a lot of investment funds. And if its recommendations are the buying San Francisco-based brokerage firm of Montgomery Securities is recent sure change from Robertson Coleman-Sutton's. Wall Street certainly does the happen—the likes of Morgan Guaranty Trust, Bankers Trust, Equitable Life, Putnam, Fidelity, and Bank of America. Over 150 money managers, representing more than \$300 billion of assets, dropped in San Francisco from the office of the country (Canada, too) to hear the musings of thirty companies—from Robertson International to International Harvester—give a rundown of their prospects. It was a super banquet for one of the hottest brokerage firms in the country.

Aside from the introduction of optimism, there were some sobering words—such as the warning from microcomputer kingpin Digital Equipment of the threat of overseas competition from semiconductor manufacturers and others. And there were also moments of laughter—notably when Steve Wynn, the flamboyant head of Golden Nugget, which has filed a \$75-million claim with the Securities and Exchange Commission, told the gathering: "If I could have to file a registration statement with the SEC, he would never have left Nevada." It made you wonder if Gold or Silver was having any trouble with the agency.

The majority of the portfolio managers I spoke to were clearly cautious about the market's prospects over the next several months—even though most thought there were plenty of cheap stocks around. One oft-expressed fear was that high interest rates and the high rate of inflation would, in some possible case off the economy—raising the obvious question of whether the leveling off of business would be the harbinger of a soft landing or a steep recession. Another major concern, the Federal Reserve's continuing liberal expansion of the money supply, heightening inflationary expectations. The market's big speculative action in gambling stocks also

bothered a lot of people. In fact, a couple of money managers made the point that such wild buying often marks the tail end, not the beginning, of a new bull market cycle. Yet another worry, swap price volatility.

Typical was the view of John Bink, who runs \$300 million of investment assets for the Canadian Capital Group Ltd., of Toronto. "Interest rates," he laments, "are screaming up; the speculation is crazy; margin debt [the purchase of shares for interest] is at relatively high levels, and Mr. Carter doesn't seem to know what the hell he's doing. In our firm, we're raising cash and increasing our gold position."

And Frank Bink of America's investment bank, Jack Levinson. "With the apparent success of Camp David, the market should have gone up, not down."

A Winner's Best Bets

| Company | Annual Price | P/E Ratio |
|-------------------------|--------------|-----------|
| AIRC | 58 | 8 |
| American Medical | 27 | 10 |
| Bank International | 32 | 12 |
| Crown Aircraft | 48 | 11 |
| Cray Research | 57 | 26 |
| Digital Equipment | 50 | 13 |
| First Charter Financial | 18 | 5 |
| First Corporation | 40 | 9 |
| General Automation | 18 | 18 |
| General Dynamics | 83 | 7 |
| Halliburton | 79 | 10 |
| Hot International | 21 | 8 |
| Hyatt | 45 | 5 |
| Intel | 65 | 16 |
| International Harvester | 31 | 8 |
| Intel | 31 | 8 |
| Monroe | 90 | 8 |
| Penderson Systems | 26 | 8 |
| Putnam | 46 | 7 |
| Tiger International | 30 | 7 |

The price-earnings multiples are based on Montgomery Securities' estimated profits for 1978. The two exceptions, Digital Equipment and General Automation reflect fiscal 1979 estimates.

Escaping a Dead-End Job

Here's how to tell when you've had it and if you can be your own boss

Headhunters are not supposed to be happy. They are—central casting dictates—gray-haired, lean, trim, coolly efficient but with adjustable charm, and, most important, male.

But there are a couple of notable newcomers in the headhunting business who are making quite a name for themselves. They are island and islanded, curly, glibly and, most important, female. We have not come so far in the women's lib game that a lot of male executives don't salivate at a female eye row and then. For whatever reason, the Ms. Tweed and Gilbert are handling executive searches at six-figure salaries for companies like R.F. Goodrich, Dow Corning, Harris Corporation, ITT, Lipton, National Steel, and others. In all, this year these fortyish-up-there-nowhere women will place executives whose jobs are worth about \$1 million. And in the course of placing these guys today, Gilbert Tweed Associates places very few women; they have learned how to spot someone who is in a dead end. What this means, put in her words, is that of living, it's not a lifelong battle just to stay even. There are, say the partners, certain unmistakable signs of arrested development in the corporate world. To wit, if you are, as employees of a major corporation, here we come of the flashing yellow lights that indicate you will soon be dead in your tracks and are destined never to make it.

• You have been in the same job too long. Don't flatter yourself by thinking you are so good at what you do that it would be impossible to replace you—no movement means no concern about you on the part of the management.

• Gray temples with no balding. You are wearing a nice title but have no troops to command.

• You are not invited to attend developmental courses, such as those offered by Harvard, Stanford, Wharton, the American Management Association. But your peers are taking such courses. The military analogy: not being selected to attend the Command and General Staff College.

Contributing editor William Flanagan regularly writes for *Fortune* magazine on financial matters.



William Flanagan with Lynn Gilbert and Jan Tweed shows them to spots corporate headhunters.

• Your compensation is not what it should be. Check out what your corporate numbers are getting in the same industry. If you don't know what that is, call a few headhunters and find out. Note: While headhunters profess to find people for jobs that suit the people, it does a hard to drop their wages, even if it is raised out. Once in a while you can get lucky and fit a job profile to a lot.

• You have been stuck in one design for most of your career, with no cross-pollination. If so, management cannot have any grand plans for you.

• If you have been moved laterally without any real increase in compensation or responsibility, you are in trouble. Some companies play musical chairs with middle managers just to have them think they are on the way up. Obviously, the higher your station, the fewer slots there are above you. Monsanto, for example, has thirty-two different plants around the country and the typical executive is transferred from one to another every four years or so. It can take a couple of moves for the managers to rise up to the fact that they are caught in a suffocating spiral. If your boss has been replaced and you did not get his job, it should be obvious someone doesn't like you.

• You are clearly expendable. Every one is to some degree, of course. But if your job could be split up among subordinates, or if some day in *The Wall Street Journal* could bring in fifty people who could handle your job the next day, it's a time to run the reins through the phone-copier.

• You are not in the mainstream of the company's business. You maintain a job but work mainly in self-defense, reacting instead of initiating. The message: You have been there too long.

If you detect any of these telltale signs in your own career, there are some things you can do to get on what executive-search people like to call a fast track.

• Be the aggressor. Make suggestions to upper management. Work well-thought-out memos. Volunteer. Make yourself known as someone who can either priorities and get things done quickly.

• If you haven't had an evaluation from management lately, ask for one. Force your boss to weigh your worth. If it isn't much, at least you'll know where you stand. That can be risky—so beforehand, assess what your five greatest contribu-

Photograph by Matthew Klein

On the way up the work may not get easier,
but the rewards get better

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tools to the company have been. Does your boss agree?

• If there are personality stories about you that could cloud your own future, ask for a move—even a lateral one. There is no sense riding out someone else's problem.

• Request benefits with new responsibility, even with no increase in salary. This will not only establish you as a team player but it will also broaden your worth to the employer. It will also provide you with a new environment.

• Evaluate why you won't get the best job. Try to correct what you can to give at least a chance of getting it.

These suggestions are worthwhile and can work. But the simple truth is that most people who work for corporations do it for a point of no advancement someplace in their thirties or early forties. There is, after all, only so much room at the top and only so many companies for which you can work. It may be time to rethink your entire career and perhaps abandon the corporate world entirely. This should not be a rash choice. But if you are considering it, there is a book you need to be published that is the most sensible guide to leaving and running your own business that this writer has ever seen on the subject—and, unfortunately, I have seen many. Very many.

Seven in David Bowie is a *Laughing Matter* (Hobart Publishing, \$14.95) was written by a dropout from the corporate world who now runs a very successful piano company. He shows us a very witty style that could guarantee him income if he ever runs out of money or wood or whatever else is necessary to make piano.

• Philip Johnson covers the entire topic of how to launch and run a small business, that the most important information he conveys has to do with making the transition from the corporate world. First off, there are some frightening facts that dispel one of the popular myths of corporate life—that is, if you are a good boy and hang around long enough, even if you don't get to be the head man, you will experience an improving standard of living. Johnson quotes Siegel & Drisch, chairman of the Institute for Demographic and Economic Studies. "In a historical reversal of historical experience, children born to parents who entered adulthood in the 1950s and 1960s will, on the average, experience relatively

lower status than their parents. This will reflect both declining educational attainment, induced by the saturation of the highly educated labor market and continuing career opportunities facing those who do so. In fact, complete education programs.

If that isn't chilling enough, read what John Peterson, director of executive programs at the University of San Diego, thinks. "Competition for jobs could become so ferocious that a black market could develop with young managers bidding for the available jobs and offering bribes to personnel and other management people. Some even believe there could be demerit-based by young management people over the company.

Phenomenon, such a management plan, Johnson argues, it is hardly not to consider making your own business. And he cites what he thinks are the key advantages. There are tax benefits. The game plan here is to get everything you can make the company's name, where it is taxed at a lower rate than personal taxes. There are the retirement benefits—the option of sheltering a lot more for retirement than you could while working for a large corporation. There are benefits, too, in being able to set up medical, dental, life insurance and life insurance programs better than any company could offer. There is the inflation hedge—the value of the business increases. And, of course, there is the gratification of being your own boss.

Johnson cautions against really starting up a business, and his game plan calls for a lot of statistics to detail. Plan to spend about five years with a large company to learn and fine tune your management skills, and spend one and a half years in the selection of a business to purchase. As he puts it, "Before we march in our boots and tell him to get lost, let us use the marketplace's talent to subsidize our transition from guest to entrepreneur."

During that five years, learn as much as you can. Study the company's internal report. Attend shareholders' meetings. Include yourself in company work and, especially, sales and advertising. "Marketing is the heart of enterprise leadership," he says.

Johnson makes a big point of urging the purchase of a company rather than starting one up. And—get this—he maintains that the type of business you buy is not really important. "The principles of management transcend any industry," he notes.

There are certain obvious considerations in the selection of a business, however. Your own basic interests are important, of course. And you don't want to buy a capital-intensive business dominated by larger companies. Visit capital needs can help ease the most sensitive management mind. Likewise, avoid any business

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When borrowing, try bankers first, then wealthy individuals. Eschew relatives—they cost too much.

where there has to be a lot of money spent on research and development.

If you insist upon starting a business from scratch—used this is where the fall are rate is highest—at least set it up part-time before you bail out of your secure corporate nest.

There are certainly a lot of existing small businesses. In fact, according to governmental figures, there are about two million companies with assets below \$10 million. That represents about 96 percent of all the businesses in the United States. In making a final selection of one to buy, Johnson suggests the following criteria:

- A product line or service which will fill a continuing business need. Not a fad. Remember what happened to many of the companies that sold CB radios?

- A company with a specialized niche—either because the product or service is unique or because it has a stronghold on a certain geographic market. Examples: a research service that has a hard to duplicate monopoly on supplying information and data to bankers. Or having the franchise for top-of-their-class toys on an exclusive basis in a specific region.

- Low overhead. The business does not need expensive energy, advertising, legal advice.

- High sales per employee, and as few employees as possible.

- Low capital requirements. The business should have low cash expenditures and cash revenues instead of credit.

- The business should be relatively free from government harassment and credit.

- The business could be easily relocated if necessary.

- It should be a business you know—you will be working harder than you ever have before.

Of course, it takes money to square any business, so the author recommends becoming "business with a banker. It is a mistake," he says, "to borrow from relatives—the 'emotional coupon' costs too much. There are government programs to assist you—the Small Business Administration and the Small Business Investment Corporation—but the cash will not come from the bank, even if it is government guaranteed. Cultivating bankers while you are still working for the corporation is highly advisable.

It is possible to raise capital from other sources, of course, including wealthy in-



Johnson, author of the article.

dividuals anxious to invest in two children. Johnson suggests doctors and criminal lawyers. Both have the ability to go and side life. Being wealthy there is nothing these two professional groups don't know, including how to convert in a small business," he writes. But it can make sense to borrow from them. If the company is a profitable business, for example, the professional can purchase the new machinery and leave it to the business for 15 to 20 percent. The interest then gets a two-percent investment tax credit and accelerated depreciation to shelter some personal income from income taxes.

Another way of raising capital is to sell equity in your company. The plus is you don't have to repay any loans. On the other hand, you have to surrender a portion of the action and some control to others.

There is, after all, no way of having your cake and eat it too. Besides, the cash the banker can provide a lot of additional services at little or no cost—keeping, accounting, additional sources of financing. "Your banker is so important to your success you might bring your banker to dinner to steel the folks or add a cocktail to your will to include him," writes the author.

The remainder of the book is how-to stuff on actually raising a business, and the advice is cogent and sound.

One obvious reason "You can reward employees with 'bonuses' instead of wages," Martin's words are strictly for bankers during the accumulation of 1,000 attitudes. But by now you have at least some idea as to whether you are interested in raising your own show and bring your own boss. Incidentally it seems that the mortality rates of some types of business are high but not even the Small Business Administration will guarantee bank loans to them. Specifically blacklisted are brothels, casinos—and newspapers and magazines. H.



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A Cafe That's Never Open

Johnny Nicholson's restaurant is thirty years old and as exclusive as ever



Cafe Nicholson, exterior. The photographer actually found this place closed.

A reservation at Cafe Nicholson is worth waiting for, and, generally, you have no choice. A friend first told me of the place several years ago. It was special. If you wanted, he said, Cafe Nicholson would send a Rolls-Royce around to pick you up for dinner.

The first three times I called to make reservations at the restaurant, I inadvertently requested Mondays, when it was closed. A year passed, and I called for a reservation on Tuesday. The restaurant was only serving on Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. Another year passed, and I phoned for a Friday night reservation. The restaurant was closed weekends. I requested a Thursday reservation one night last February. The restaurant was closed altogether.

"When is this restaurant ever open?" I demanded.

"We don't really know," said the woman from the answering service. "I finally did get a reservation. I called two weeks in advance. I know you're not open on Mondays," I said, "but I'd like a reservation for any night the week of the 11th."

To my amazement, the woman from the answering service said, "Fine."

"Which nights that week are you open?" I asked.

"Which night do you want?"

"I'll come whenever you're open."

"Which night do you want?"

"How about Tuesday?"

Sorry, we're closed!

My first reservation at Cafe Nicholson was for a Wednesday night. They took my phone number in case they had to cancel. Johnny Nicholson has been the owner and chef of Cafe Nicholson for thirty years. The restaurant flourished on the bottom floor of a town house owned by Nicholson at 323 East Fifty-eighth Street. It occupied a much larger space at Fifty-seventh near Lexington for years and then returned to its original location twelve years ago.

Johnny Nicholson's hours are not as arbitrary as they seem. He is open Wednesday through Sunday—unless there is a private party—for roughly six months of the year (from September through late December and late March through late June). Johnny Nicholson owns land and a hotel in Puerto Rico and has friends in France. He prefers to spend only half the year in Manhattan. Each week he cooks for four soirées of twenty-five people. That is all.

You walk down a long corridor, past the private dining room, to arrive at the main dining room of Cafe Nicholson. It is cavernous. The walls are covered with hand-painted Spanish tiles that are valued and dated 1880. An enormous skylight crowns the double-height ceiling. To the center of the room is a large serving table. Above it hangs a magnificent Tiffany lamp. Pieces of Nicholson's personal collection of sculpture and paintings ornament the dining area, and the ceiling is carefully so-

maged around the perimeter of the square room to create privacy.

One first customer's recall about Cafe Nicholson is the porch that sat on a perch near the entrance of the restaurant for many years. Nicholson's friends had encouraged him to cut the design business and go into food—he was good at it. Two women, Williams and the Fortis literary crowd supported his effort. When he moved to the present location, Hemingway and Fitzgerald turned out. The porch was there through it all. Now there is an empty porch to the entrance, when you mention the porch, Nicholson arms away.

It was true about the Rolls-Royce. Until two years ago, Nicholson had a 1990 Silver Shadow at the disposal of his guests. First of charge, the car picked up and delivered back home any guests who in thirty-block miles of the restaurant Nicholson abandoned the service when New York City potholes got the better of the car.

One night when I was there, a man asked Nicholson what had happened to the Peking waiter. He mentioned that the restaurant had been staffed entirely by Puytians. Nicholson explained that this had never been the case, but that a black Somers—who happened to be short—had worked for him for years.

The restaurant has a spoken menu. On the night of my first visit to Cafe Nicholson, the fare included a washed appetizer with deli sausage, a choice of chicken in herbs and spices, shell steak with béarnaise sauce, a combination of both, or Roast beef sautéed in butter and wine with béarnaise sauce, and a main-dish salad. Dessert was Nicholson's famous (rightly so) chocolate soufflé. The meal was expertly prepared, and the service was excellent. There was a house red wine and a house white wine, served from the bottle. The central table functioned as a bar at which the waiters prepared mixed drinks. The tab for about thirty dollars per person, not including tip.

Nicholson himself says he can't handle any more business than he has. Still, starting now there are sixty days left to get a reservation before Johnny Nicholson takes off for Puerto Rico or France (being in there).

—Susan O'Malley

new traditions

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*The Kola Peninsula, northeast of the Indian Ocean, is one of many countries between Soviet Union and Western Europe. **Chick River, a tributary of the Connecticut River, is a popular spot for fishing. ***Ougidiogaga, a dance from the Ougidiogaga tribe of the Ougidiogaga tribe.



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The Great Tax-Blitz Caper

Is trickle-down economic theory an idea — gasp — whose time has come?

Laughing at Republicans who always been its second favorite indoor sport. So I could not resist taking a look at the Republican National Committee's "Tax Blitz," the recent three-day, cross-country, multi-meeting tour of fifty national party leaders telling anyone who would listen no more than the Grand Old Party was dedicated to cutting federal income taxes by 35 percent over the next three years.

As you'd expect, the blitz was no disappointment. I caught up with the Republicans at an innkeeper's parlor. And I met the chief of the "Tax Blitz" in Orange County, California, Gerald Ford, the chief speaker of this evening and many other nights, who had coded onto the stage of the Good Time Theatre by the "Hollywood Pardon Show" and a publisher who was engaged to be married, wearing a tuxedo and a flower in his buttonhole. The possibilities of a tax cut were as clear as a new GOP star named James Watt, the Republican candidate for governor of California, who said before Ford taking to himself, stopping only to stand and wave his arms and roll his eyes wildly every time the former President said the words "tax cut."

As you can see, I wasn't sure what to think of the entertainment under the big lights that read "Republican Tax Cut 1981." Along with many economists, I can't resist out the probable effects of that kind of cut. What it could figure out, though, was that some of the Republicans were based on their own records and what they've said privately over the years, more than lying or kidding around on the floor when they said the country would be saved by the proposed Roth-

Richard Reeves is the national editor of *Esquire* magazine.



What hope would they have had in general elections where Republicans cut almost half the votes?

What happened? A new consensus has emerged for the moment in American politics—at acceptance of old conservative "trickle-down" theory—proving, perhaps, the radical thesis that there is no basic difference between the major parties. The idea, traditionally approved by national Democrats, that if you give Nelson Rockefeller and other folks who made America what it is more money in the form of tax breaks, then some kind of benefit will trickle down to a homeowner in Levittown and a kid in Harlem who can't read. Al Ulman, the liberal Democratic chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, has deliberated his thoughts on capital formation to the point of saying "Capital is so much to do with whether we are able to solve our problems of productivity, of competition in world markets, and of inflation." Perhaps it is, big in the old days—a phrase that, many before, California voters approved the 20th Amendment limiting their own property taxes—Ulman might have mentioned the little guy and big-business or off.

Keep Tax Reduction Act. Maybe as members of the minority party in Congress, they felt free to push the tax reduction in the expectation that the Democratic majority would get them off the hook by flung. Ulman might, at least, modify the proposal.

As politics, the whole thing terrified me. Mainly, I was worried that, as a company device, Roth-Koop might work, thus looking up my republican reports or and prosecutions of the slow death of the Republican party. After all, "tax cutting fever" in the magazine describes it: the Lapsarian violence of the 19th election, killing off healthy-looking Democrats like Governor Michael Dukakis of Massachusetts, and Representative Donald Fraser, who wanted to be a senator from Minnesota. And, significantly, Dukakis and Fraser were clipped by tax investors in Democratic primaries

Even the last hope of the old liberal's his allies in life. Edward Kennedy opposed congressional proposals to reduce corporate income tax decreases from 48 to 46 percent—by saying they should be cut to 44 percent. Next, Kennedy and the rest will be being the new conservative idea that there really is no unemployment, that statistics are just being belated by would-be poets and actors or living honest work. Politics in their hands, and people like Kennedy may come that one day soon Republicans might be able to win elections, even for the pres-

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"It's a Better Age" Song by Duke Fager

idea, just by running home the kind of lies Jerry Ford used at Rosell's Berry Farm. "The Democrats want to take your money and spend it for you. The Republicans want you to keep your money and spend it yourself."

It could make potent campaign rhetoric, perhaps effective enough for the Republicans to shake their crippling image as the party of privilege. Maybe more Americans are feeling privileged these days or, at least, feel that they want to keep the privileges they have. It's still too soon to tell how well the GOP can exploit the anti-tax, anti-government positions of the day. The party's stars couldn't draw flies to their big riddles—only some 700 people showed up for the Rosell's Berry Farm extravaganza—but that didn't particularly worry them because they preferred television cameras to worm leaders. To credit these conservatism Republicans have shreds said the same kinds of things about spending, even while federal budgets kept rising under their recent presidents, Ford and Nixon. The difference here, in addition to the new responsibility of politicians, is that Senator William Roth and Representative Jack Kemp, emulating Howard Jones, have supplemented the old rhetoric with specific numbers—numbers drawn, one suspects from a list. For a longer examination of Kemp and the GOP's neo-conservative see Jack Kemp's book *Run to the Right* (on page 38).

The theory of tax cutting articulated best by Professor Arthur Laffer of the University of Southern California is that a reduction in tax rates will lead to economic boom and increased tax revenues—along with pleased taxpayers. The reality, I think, is that politicians—in this case, Republicans, that the Democrats are quickly catching on—have found a new way to jerk America's chain. The GOP tax cut is awfully exaggerated—the first year's reduction would be 11 percent—the escape hatch is that the whole thing will be scrapped if disaster, which basically means worse in fiction, follows the first round of tax cutting.

Another reality—one I'm over off—is that the twofold tax cutters find it much easier to talk at sophisticated parties than to try to deal with the hard choices of reducing government spending—except for "waste," the stars are decidedly reluctant to talk about which federal programs they could eliminate or demand. Politicians are in the business of raising expectations. When hopes turn to disappointment the professional survives in the profession by shuffling up a different set of expectations. For myself, I don't suspect much marginal Republican conservatism in 1978 and 1980, even if I've relied in those same years, and a personal exhortation on going to political rallies for a while—even fancy rallies. 10

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Books

by John Kenneth Galbraith

The Churchill Production

Never has one man written so many words so well



Publishers, as all authors will tell you, regularly publish books in deep secret, and considering the quality of much of the stuff that goes into print these days, one can only be grateful. But there are occasions when this compels me to comment to my fellow readers: namely, the case of the CIA, the National Security Agency, and, possibly, the official communications concerning Mr. Midge Costanza. The biggest loss of which I know is the three books of Winston Churchill's papers, so far published in exceptionally handsome editions. I've never encountered anyone, the publisher apart, who knows about them, although there must be a fair number of students of modern British and European history who have heard directly of the books and are sorry

their library cannot afford them. The production is due even 1979 and requires almost three feet of shelf space. Individual volumes can be purchased, but I feel genuinely sorry for anyone who doesn't have access to them all. Certainly anyone of the requisite literacy who is being rewarded by the grant of sympathy for the rich should get all the books for himself or herself.

The production, as again I prefer to call it, is a double-track operation consisting (so far) of five main volumes of extracts from Churchill's public and private letters, speeches, and official papers and from the responding communications and comment, all linked together by a highly competent and readable narrative that tells where Churchill was at the time and of the political, personal, or literary context. There on the second track are up to three companion volumes consisting of letters to and from Churchill, more of his

official papers, and a great many letters and documents from the archives of contemporaries, expressing views, usually strong and often adverse, on Churchill's personality or judgment. These companion volumes flood the best of all. Up to 1914, seven books in all, the editor was Randolph Churchill. After his death by various self-destructive wounds in 1968, the job was taken over by Martin Gilbert. The senior Churchill, wherever he is, should be reflecting on his extraordinary luck in both editions.

I was hooked by these volumes before they were published when Randolph Churchill showed up in Cambridge one day with the manuscripts on his father's early parliamentary career and asked me to look at that part of his connective tissue having to do with commerce. In three days, Winston Churchill was heavily involved with tariff policy—he was a deeply committed free trader—in his

John Kenneth Galbraith is the author of *The Age of Uncertainty* and other books.

Illustrated by David Sizer

OCTOBER 24, 1978/ESQUIRE 33

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Churchill's fearsome certainty did not desert him, even when he was irretrievably wrong.

later with Lloyd George in the postbureaucratic first steps on social insurance and the welfare state. I read the economist parts and all the rest as well.

Some of the discussion is in the history itself. There is in the political and bureaucratic conflict that swirled constantly around Churchill and of which he was truly a master. His mastery of these terms was dependent partly on a wary compromise confidence: a truly life-or-death certainty that he was completely right. Nothing else. I've often thought, is so important for winning battles in Washington. The men who seemed to lead North Vietnam were absolutely certain that it would end the war. Those who were opposed only doubted it. Churchill's confidence did not desert him even when he was unacceptably wrong, as in his belief that the old guard Republicans who fought the Republicans after the revolution—Deakins, Kitchin, Wiggall, et al.—were on the wave of the future and that British India was forever. Churchill lost these battles, and he also lost some when he was right. He has been justly blamed as a champion of the exchange for bringing Britain back to the gold standard in 1925 at the former price of gold and the former parity with the dollar. British goods, and in particular, when bought with the expensive pounds, were not competitive with those of foreign producers. So British prices had to come down, and one consequence was the coal and grain famine of the following year. Churchill, these papers show, was rightly and deeply responsive of the official, at the time, and establishment pressure that forced his decision. He resisted it nearly to the end and regretted later that an economy his self-assurance was not as great as his. As other matters. Here are his thoughts, as of 1912, on the standard of work. Striking (50 to 500) as mostly it still does in the United States today.

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This extraordinary
writing exists
because Churchill's
career antedated
use of the telephone.

But the greater element in Churchill's power was his use of language as a weapon. And that, in the end, is what makes these books so wonderful. That so many millions of words came from one man in one lifetime is remarkable but not, perhaps, totally astonishing. That was because Churchill had a history-writing machine that kept on producing (and so making a great deal of money, even when he was in the most crowded of newspaper offices). He also used assistants, even for his more crowd articles. What was remarkable was his ability to make things vital, to inject in us a great excitement in what he wrote himself, and in what others had drafted for his newspaper and revision. Partly this depended on his ability (and also, one presumes, on that of his staff) to find, select, and organize information so that even the most hostile opponent would be attracted by the instruction involved. Partly it depended on instinctive, if often outrageous and sometimes reckless, use of adjective and metaphor. Partly it depended on the power, resilience, and flow of the language itself. Here he is the BBC in 1955 opposing legislation to accord greater self-government to India.

Sir Samuel Hoare has thrust upon Parliament the most heinous Bill ever known. If it was as heinous as it is villainous, it would indeed command respect. But what is this India Home Rule Bill? It will not pass. It is a gigantic coil of jumbled rubbish. There is no threat. There is no power. There is no agreement. There is no connection. There is no sympathy. There is no common. It is a mere brain-mess of ideas built by the pygmy.

In 1953, Churchill received the Nobel Prize in Literature. It's hard to find of any importance for any politician to have won that would be so devastating as the release of his official press. Churchill survives.

We have all of this extraordinary writing because Churchill's career, or much of it, antedated the political and bureaucratic use of the telephone. Politicians and public servants in his time persuaded one another by letter and memorandum. Churchill's telephone transcripts would not have been nearly so good. Henry Kissinger is standing. Henry's considerable legal costs no keep his brain being polished. On purely literary grounds he is probably right. —



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ESQUIRE

Mario Andretti



The Fastest Man in the Most Dangerous Sport

By winning the Formula One Grand Prix world championship, Andretti becomes the outstanding American athlete of 1978

by Philip Taubman

Speed is his elixir. Not money, sex, or power. He lives to be a streak, a blur flashing across our field of vision. He is the ultimate man in motion, always looking for a way to increase his velocity. Fast, faster, fastest. Give him a snowmobile, and he tunes it until he can skim over the white landscape at 115 mph. Give him a boat, and he installs a 550-horsepower V-8 engine so he can cut through the water at 60 mph. Give him a choice of planes, and he always flies the supersonic Concorde. He's a speed junkie.

Aviation editor Philip Taubman frequently writes about sports.



Nervous for him is a racing car. Mario Andretti cannot recall it ever being otherwise. As a boy growing up in Trenton, he was transfixed by flickering images of cars races shown on the weekly newsreels. This former's son saw romance and escape in the speeding vehicles. When his family moved to America, Andretti, then fifteen, saved for three years to buy and rebuild a 1948 Hudson. He and his twin brother, Aldo, transformed it into a primitive but powerful racing machine. Allowed to tell their father how they were spending their time and money, the Andretti boys secretly entered a local race. They started fast and finished first.

Aldo, through a flip of the coin, won the driver title. But Mario was the rider. He watched from the sidelines, enraptured with the speed and danger. He wanted, to be sure, to "do things the average man can't do." He got his chance when Aldo was nearly killed in a crash. With his brother lying in a coma for about two weeks, Mario took over the wheel. Aldo recovered and sworn off racing. Mario blocked out visions of his brother's bloody, crushed face, after the crash, and threw himself into the world's most dangerous sport.

Now, almost two decades later, Andretti is still racing. He has won more than almost every kind of car, on every kind of surface, from the wild sprint up Pikes Peak to the Indianapolis 500. He has rounded around asphalt tracks, dirt tracks, and raced across the Bonneville Salt Flats. He has driven everything from stock cars to airplanes. But until this year, he has failed to win the biggest prize in the sport—the Formula One world championship. A two-month, sixteen race circuit, the four continents, the Formula One Grand Prix competition is the museum test of car and driver. West, and you are the best. Like Jackie Stewart, Niki Lauda, Graham Hill, and Jim Clark. Never won it, so matter what else you have won, and you are the man who always would be king but never was. Like Sterling Moss. Only one American won the title before that year: Phil Hill, in 1961.

Andretti chased the prize for ten years. He won his first Grand Prix race in South Africa in 1971. Last year, he made a strong bid for the championship, winning four of the sixteen races but was beaten out by Lauda, who amassed more points by consistently placing among the top three finishers. (First place is worth nine points, second, six, third, four.) This year, Andretti gave no one a chance to slip past him. He won the opening race of the year in Argentina and then swept through the European races during the summer. By September, he had won six

Left: Andretti's 1978 Lotus had modifications to its nose shell to increase stability for greater speed in the turns.

Andretti blocked out visions of his twin brother's bloody, crushed face and took over the wheel himself. He wanted to "do things the average man can't."

of thirteen races, adding up sixty-three points. Only Swedish driver Ronnie Peterson, who, like Andretti, raced a Lotus, accrued mathematically as consolation with fifty-one points. For all practical purposes, Andretti had the championship won. Then the Italian Grand Prix, the terrible violence of crashes abruptly removed any doubts. Peterson crashed. Badly. He died the next day.

The great Andretti wanted so badly to win his, at a price he will always regret. As well as being treacherous, he and Peterson were good friends. Peterson's death took all the fun out of winning. After the Italian Grand Prix, Andretti could not say about the world championship what he had before: "It will make all the agony worthwhile. The feeling of winning it is too essential to pettish words."

Yet, Peterson's death should not diminish Andretti's achievement. Winning the championship makes Mario Andretti, at age thirty-eight, the outmoded American champion of 1978. Bushy-haired, might squint from Pete Rose, of the Reds and Jim Rice, of the Red Sox, accomplished more with his arm. This was also the year that Steve Curbeam, guard, affirmed to the Triple Crown. But Andretti's performance is of a different magnitude. At an age when most men are slowing down, Andretti has sped up. In a sport where the details of American failure are the details of a burning wheel, Andretti has overcome the potentially lethal handicap of decaying reflexes. He has sustained strength, stamina, and focus through ten punishing months of racing. He has lacked the tradition of American failure in the most sophisticated form of auto racing, challenging the Europeans of what they do best and beating them.

Winning Grand Prix races requires a lot more than the driver heroics popularized in movies like Grand Prix and Apollo Drive. It takes steady driving to coordinate with advanced mechanical engineering, aerodynamic research, coordination between driver and drivers

of technicians, and plenty of luck. I followed Andretti's progress through the year, accompanying him to races in Long Beach, California, and Monte Carlo. With Mans opening doors, I got glimpses of the real world behind the romance of the Grand Prix circuit. Andretti came out, at the making of a championship.

The Wind

Mario Andretti has always been able to drive like hell. He has always known about engines and transmissions and heavy-duty suspension. But that is not enough to win the world championship. To finish first after sixteen races, a racer must understand the wind. It is always there holding back his car, an invisible, implacable enemy. The faster he drives, the more it resists. Drivers and car designers spend endless hours trying to outwit the wind. Most Formula One cars are either aerodynamic. There can be no will help in winning, but they don't give a car an overwhelming advantage. Catch the wind, though, and bend it to your benefit—that can make the difference between racing with the pack and racing on its own.

This year, the wind is working for Andretti. Beginning with last year's model, Andretti's Formula One cars have represented major breakthroughs in aerodynamic design. The 1978 Lotus used the wind to increase stability, allowing greater speed in turns. The trick is to use the air flowing over the speeding car to apply downward pressure, helping reduce the natural tendency of a fast-moving vehicle to lose control during corners. The theory is something all the Formula One cars try to incorporate. The '79 Lotus, with modifications in the shape of its center shell, did it better than ever before.

But the advance was not all positive. While increasing stability, the changes also reduced speed down straightaways. There was too much drag being placed on the car. Over the winter, Lotus engineers (repaired to the test team). That the details of their work remain a closely held secret, Andretti told me changes were made in the undercarriage of the car. The '79 Lotus is designed to cope better with the force of air drawn under the car.

When the new season opened, road tests proved wind tunnel experiments inaccurate. From January to May, the engineers reworked their calculations and made adjustments in the design. Finally in May, at the Belgian Grand Prix, everything worked. Andretti won the race, pulling away from the '79 Lotus' handling and by harnessing the wind, he won four of the eight summer races in Europe. In all but one, he led most of the race.

The Team

When Andreotti slips into the seat of his Lotus, surrounded by the polished black body of the car, and pushes that silver left foot on, it is easy to forget that there is more than car and driver in this business. The entire image of Grand Prix racing is right there—speed, power, elegance. Driver and car seem to mold into one streamlined shape. The motor grunts with a delectating roar. Andreotti waits for the line to clear, and he's off. The car leaps away and disappears down the course like a bullet.

It takes thirty-one people to ensure that scene. They make up the staff of Team Lotus. They and six semi-licensed official better than 52 million bring us Mario Andreotti. The leader of this crew is Colin Chapman, a middle-aged Englishman who abandoned a mediocre career as a driver to become one of the most brilliant thinkers and managers in Formula One. A dapper dresser with a wry wit, Chapman is part engineer, part administrator, part coach, and part psychologist. At Lotus headquarters, a bromel minor house in the English countryside, Chapman is also executive and scientist, overseeing a staff of engineers and technicians. Not a physicist by training, he has become a self-taught expert in auto aerodynamics. The advances in design in the '79 Lotus were his. On the road, Chapman stands by needs and, depending on kind, provides the garage, pits, and track. During practice runs, he stands by the rail, flashing lap times to the drivers as they zip past. Afterward, he huddles with the drivers to discuss car performance and race strategy.

At the racetracks, Chapman has a supporting cast of a dozen mechanics. Traveling from race to race with the cars, they pitch camp at each site, setting up a complete garage and body shop. The cars of Williams have large custom-built trailer track. The cars are stored inside during transit. At the racetracks, a canopy awnings from the sun. Brakes garage. Boxes of spare wing tools are opened, and the cars are finally tested for the race.

After every workout, the cars are dismantled. The mechanics remove the wheels, the roller shell, and detach the engine, leaving the skeleton of the cars propped up on blocks. These vulnerable skeletons are a sight that would delight anyone who has ever tinkered with cars. The first impression is cleanliness. Every bolt, every plate, every piece of metal shines. Grass and oil, the base of any car body, are absent. There is no crud or grime. The only crumple that registers is the fragility of the cars. Stripped of their sleek exterior, they are exposed for what they are—amazingly delicate instruments. They may travel over 180 mph, accelerate

from zero to 60 mph in two point five seconds, and run with an rpm ceiling of 11,800, but underneath they are highly refined, temperamental creatures. Like grephomeds, they live bred to race and are as less skittish and sensitive than their dog counterparts.

Lastly, a motor near the backwheel. We are so accustomed to mass-produced vehicles that it is startling to see a car made by hand. The meeting and welding are secure but just slightly irregular. There is no assembly-line uniformity. The cars were put together piece by piece. No Body By Fisher here. Body is by Bob Duncanson and Glen Widens.

The Course

The beauty of Formula One racing is its subtlety. Descended from road racing, where tight corners and steep hills are part of the overall terrain, Grand Prix courses test ability as well as speed. Two of the race make the connection between natural roads and racetracks even more direct. In Long Beach and in Monte Carlo, city streets are the course.

Before this year's race in Monte Carlo, Andreotti drove the second the course in his off-duty, two-seater Lotus, a limited-production sports car that sells for \$24,000 and has a top speed of 130 mph. Even though the course was open to public traffic and he had to keep the speed reasonable, he got some idea of what gas into driving—and surviving—a Grand Prix race.

From start to finish, the course is tight. "There's really no place to pass," explained Andreotti. The starting line is by the city harbor. After a short straightaway along the waterfront, the road turns sharply to the right and races steeply. Axit lends out by the Monte Carlo casino, up a hill, it cuts to the left and then immediately whips around to the right, the change doable. From there, it leads into a twisting chain of S turns running past the Lotus hotel, cuts back under the hotel along the coast, and ends back at the harbor with another series of sharp corners. The total distance is nearly two miles. During the race, the average lap per lap is about ninety seconds, or between 88 and 90 mph.

As we headed into the course at 30 mph, it seemed like a tricky race. Driving up the hill toward the casino, Andreotti nudged the Lotus into 40 mph. The local speed limit is 28. In the race, Mario explained, he would typically be about 130 mph on this stretch. After a light tap on the brake, he would hurdle into the left-hand part the casino. No sweat, though.

Right: Andreotti's black Lotus zooms over the course in Monte Carlo. At right, the Hotel de Paris, left, the famous casino.



"There's a single braking area here," Andreotti told me. "Even though it doesn't seem like it." He's talking about braking from 130 mph to 60, of course.

"The next turn is a classic," said Andreotti. "You go over a rise with full power on, and the wheels have a tendency to leave the ground. Then you're braking down to immediately. You'd be going one hundred and twenty-five here, at least. Coming down the hill, the road looks like a dead end. You just get so close to go if anything happens." It looked to me like a dead end involving a 30 mph. The 5 turns were new. "It gets like a traffic jam in here," said Mario. "You shift down to second, then first, and after each turn you give the accelerator a little squeeze. Boom, boom. You shoot from one turn to the next. This is the busiest part of the course. It's quite blind. You're accelerating very hard. The guardrails are tight. It's also very slippery, so you never get a good grip. Basically, you're just hanging on."

As we headed back toward the harbor, passing under the hotel, I asked Andreotti where he would reach top speed. "Right here," he answered as we bore down on the next curve. "Your top speed comes just before this turn. It's only about one hundred and forty-five miles per hour. Only."

The Driver

What manner of man drives willingly, even eagerly, into a turn at 140 mph?

I found the answer five months later, on a stormy Sunday September morning, in the Phoenix. The natural macrocosm, I thought, was cars going as fast as I drove down a winding dirt road onto Andreotti's 600-acre retreat in the mountains of eastern Pennsylvania. It is not Shogun-La, the place he runs in-between races to relax and train. To compete on the Grand Prix test track, Andreotti must make two trips to Europe in eighteen weeks every summer. That tag is almost continuous, but he prefers to return home between races so he can slip away with his wife and three kids to the solitude of "my woods."

As the driveway led into a large clearing, I realized I had been wrong about the silence of a racetrack. There was no roadbed, but there was a scabbed lake. And down at the dock, Mario was bent over the engine of his motorboat. It wasn't an Evinrude or even a high-powered Mercury. Mario was poised over a monstrous stock-car engine mounted in the rear of the used Chevrolet van. The '79 Lotus was 4,000 miles away, but the boat was going well.

"Let's talk on the lake, away from the phone," suggested Andreotti. He turned the ignition key, and the engine roared to life. "I need the Daytona 380 with this

Andreotti: "Guys tell me, 'Hey, you're crazy.' I love to hear that. I like to flirt with danger. I'm frightened not of speed but of something breaking."

engine," explained Mario. He engaged the clutch, pushed the throttle—located on the floor just as in his racing car—and gripped the race-car steering wheel. VROOM. VROOM. The eight persons aboard, and the boat pulled away from the dock.

When I arrived, the lake looked pretty big. It covers nearly acres. As Mario jerked up speed, it shrank very fast. The far shoreline started approaching with alarming speed. "This is where I water-ski," he shouted over his roar, apparently oblivious to the rocks and trees growing ahead of us by the second. "Water-skiing is great for the legs and arms. When I drive out of shape, my legs start trembling after a few laps." We were now practically flying over the water. "With the prop I've got on her now," yelled Mario, "she won't go more than fifty-five miles per hour."

Fifty-five on a ninety-acre lake. Jesus! I felt as if we were crossing a puddle. Not more than twenty yards from the shore, Mario suddenly saw the wheat field, and the boat heeled hard against the water. As it dug in, looking fast, it kicked up a three-foot wave that smashed onto the rocks. "Giddy," proposed Andreotti, "let's talk."

No one ever granted Mario Andreotti an exemption from observing the laws of speeding or, for that matter, common sense. He just made one for himself. "You know what I like, he told me. 'I like it when a guy sees me sailing in the Lotus and says, 'Hey, you're crazy. I wouldn't put my ass in there for a million bucks. It's too dangerous. Have to hear that. Like to flirt with danger.' It gives me a special thrill. It makes life interesting. People always ask me if I'm frightened when I'm racing. I am, but not of the speed. That's relative. I've been driving so long, I'm used to going one hundred and thirty miles per hour. It's not to the idea that if you see something in the road ahead at that speed, you've got a half a mile before you can react. What scares me is the unknown. Something breaking in the car. I don't have any control."

Andreotti approaches his cars like an

animal trainer coaxing a lion. "What I like is the satisfaction of breaking one of these cars. It's like controlling a wild beast. Any second it can kill you, so handling it is a great adrenaline shot. When I was part of what appealed to me. As soon as I saw these cars, I knew I didn't want anything else. I was drawn in."

Durandal, Turner of wild beasts. Thrill seeker. "You should see this lake in winter," he boasted. "Ice gets real thick so it's a great place to run the snowmobiles. Last winter I got up to one hundred and fifteen miles per hour. Then I made up a special ski, and they pulled me across the lake going sixty." He smiled at the irony.

Overgrown child. "I love new toys. I love to have something new that makes people envious. In this sport, every year you get a new car with new shapes, new pieces, new parts. I can't wait to see them and try them out on the road." It goes back to the first Hudson and the hours working at the garage with Aldo to create speed out of slowies, to mold new parts and paint the car like new.

Comedian. "No one thought we knew what we were doing with that Hudson. A couple of kids—well, do they know about that?" The people who ran the race started on last. We finished first. That showed 'em. It's hard for me to explain how important it is for me to win. Winning the fastest lap is preferable, getting the pole, winning the race. It's a bit of a sense of fulfillment. Everything gray becomes bright."

Businessman. "I go for the top dollar. How can you go for less? I've never run a race for nothing. That's because it makes me feel good when I collect. You gotta make money to live, right?" He looked around at the lake and the tennis court and the house and the collection of cars, motorcycles, and other vehicles. "I'm privileged."

After we docked and had a drink, we chatted on the front steps of his lodge, looking out over the lake. The wind rustled through the trees. The setting was perfectly peaceful. Then, suddenly, a loud beating engine broke the spell. In the distance, a motorcycle approached. The rider steered across gullies and over swells in the land. When he reached the top of a swell, the rider passed the bike. It fell the ground, flying through the air.

"That's my son, Jeff," said Andreotti. "He's thirteen." Jeff cranked past us and waved, then sped off. Loose dirt sprouted out from under the wheels, like backshot. "What kind of cycle is it?" I asked. "It's a real racing bike," replied Andreotti. "I should have known." ☐

Right: At the start of the course in Monte Carlo, Andreotti puts on his driver helmet. He's fixated on protective headgear.



Champagne, California

by Carole Lalli

A great French champagne maker bets millions that he can turn out an American Dom Pérignon

Fredric Chandon, a Frenchman of impeccable taste, graceful gestures, and aggressive pedgase, is in Yountville, California, to do a little business. For most Americans, the appeal of the romantic Napa Valley is obvious; for Chandon, who has been chasing champagne dreams in Napa Valley, France, the viticultural region is far more practical.



Above: Fredric Chandon, a Frenchman in Napa with his bubbly. Right: Some of the vineyards acquired by Dom Pérignon.

Carole Lalli, a reporter based on the West Coast, regularly covers the subjects of food and wine.





Chandon will take on Korbel, the leader in the domestic fine-champagne market.

though no less intriguing. Chandon, top man at France's huge Moët-Hennessy Company, is visiting his company's latest venture, the Domäne Chandon winery, where he expects to do nothing less than produce the best sparkling wine in the United States and, in the process, revolutionize American drinking habits.

Chandon's wardrobe leans to soft-gray flannel slacks, understated tweed sport coats, and shirts made out of the kind of cotton that makes silk look cheap. He has a serious, Fred Astaire kind of elegance that is at least as newsworthy as his. But then, Chandon officially is Count Frederic Chandon de Brailles—although in America, he is always Fred.

Domäne Chandon is barely visible from the road; instead, it is built close to the ground and snug against the hills. Its design, by the San Francisco architectural firm SOMA, stresses native stone and curved arches and seems to be reminiscent of traditional Champagne châteaux. But anyone who is reminded either of early California or of early 19th-century France is misled—this is a very vivid imagination. Domäne Chandon is a trend, not a throwback: sleek modern, and large by Napa Valley standards at nearly 90,000 square feet.

From the winery's sparsely furnished, L-shaped "living room," Fred Chandon and John Wright, Domäne Chandon's American president, can gain through a wide expanse of plate glass at least 1,500 acres of Napa Valley real estate, with the Mayacamas Mountains beyond, and contemplate their multimillion-dollar gamble.

Moët & Chandon currently sells as much imported champagne in the United States as anyone—around one million bottles a year. Domäne Chandon immediately did its best to get that much done in sparkling wine by producing 100,000 cases, or 1.2 million bottles, of its Blanc de Noir and Napa Valley Brut. That would make Domäne Chandon second only to Korbel in fine American domestic champagne by 1990. And John Wright says Domäne Chandon can produce 250,000 cases a year by year, then tripling its own production to around 340,000 cases within five years. By then, Korbel's steady growth would bring the two wineries to within striking distance of each other.

The challenge will come not so much in producing fine wine in such volume—most of the output of the vineyard is wine that can be done in Napa—but in somehow convincing Americans to drink it. All sparkling wine has accounted for a flat 6 percent of the market here for years. For Chandon and Wright to meet this goal, they will have to educate millions of Americans so that drinking champagne is as French as it is—with desert, with light meals, and especially as an aperitif.

The headiest ambience for the new winery includes the creation of a luxury estate in California. To produce the Dom Pérignon of America is a very seductive idea.

Boutique Wineries

For more than a decade now, California's reputation for fine wine has rested with the so-called boutique wineries run by businesslike craftsmen. You can find these names all over the state, but most are clustered in the northern coastal counties, where more of the conditions for great wine-making exist than anywhere else in America. Some of the wineries are the playthings of rich men; just as they were in the old days when George Hearst, Leland Stanford, and James Lick built their estates. Others, like the majority—such as Heitz, Sterling, Sutter, and Schramsberg—were founded by tough mid-



The harvest was started by hand's every day to create quality.

valued without benefit of corporate resources.

In 1973, Domäne Chandon descended on the pristine Napa Valley, which stretches 160 miles along Route 29 from Yountville to Calistoga in the north, and used its multimillion-dollar clout to buy much of the remaining acreage, sign attractive five-year contracts for top quality Chardonnay and Pinot Noir grapes, and install the latest in high-technology equipment.

Jack Davies of Schramsberg says, "Domäne Chandon will raise the consumers' consciousness about domestic champagne." Yet, for now, Domäne Chandon's success could be a mixed blessing. For years, Davies has enjoyed the reputation for making the country's best sparkling wines. Since before 1972, when Nixon called thirteen cases toasting to that he and Chou En lai could toast each other with Schramsberg, demand for his wine has exceeded his production of 34,000 cases a year. He's got to be used to being number one.

Davies goes down at the grainy surface of his golden-rod conference table and considers the threat from down the road. He doesn't want to be number two—not even to a legend from France. So he will wait till Domäne Chandon starts gaining on his reputation. "Terrific," he concedes. "Just terrific."

When Champagne Was King

Wine makers have been producing champagne in California for nearly as long as they've been turning out still wine. Appropriately enough, a Frenchman, a cooper from Bordeaux named Jean-Louis Vignes, looms large in the history. Vignes settled in what is now downtown Los Angeles around 1830, ripped out the mission grapes that had been planted fifty years earlier by Spanish padres, and replaced them with European cuttings. The start proceeded to make the first wines and spirits for profit in the state, convinced that California would send France its wine quality and quantity, especially after the production of his Napa Valley brandy in 1855, only a decade after the first five years.

Vignes became one of the state's first big boosters, and others followed. Among the Frenchmen who followed was his nephew, the Sémillon brothers, who introduced his El Aliso



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AMAX

November 23, 1977

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Sincerely,

Jim McGuire
Jim McGuire

P.S. Please ask someone in your company responsible for these matters to get in touch with AIESEC. They need your help, and so does the free enterprise system!

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Belmont Mandel craves more from France to blend the wine.

winery. They relocated in San Francisco and, in the 1880s, produced the state's first effervescent wine, Sparkling Champagne. It didn't remain too many people of San Francisco champagne, but it caught on anyway among San Francisco's first society of newly rich prospectors and robber barons.

A few years later, Agostino Hanssens—an exotic Hungarian who may or may not have been a count or a duke—founded a cooperative called the Bona Vista Viticultural Society and released his Sparkling Somers. Despite its price of \$15 a case, which was only a dollar or two cheaper than superior imported champagne, Sparkling Somers became popular too. Meanwhile, Hanssens's son, Arnold, went to France—to Moët & Chandon, in fact—to learn champagne making. When he returned, he produced the champagne of the 1890s. Appropriately enough, he called it Eclipse. At one point, it was the best-selling champagne in the world.

Arnold's Eclipse and his dad's Sparkling Somers became ferociously competitive—a competition that intensified when both were served at the opening of the Palace Hotel, in San Francisco, one of the high water marks of the 1890s.

By then, champagne was positively the national drink, consumed with abandon wherever the high rollers gathered—at Sherry's in New York, at Antoine's in New Orleans, or at the Winter Palace in Boston. But nowhere was more popular than in San Francisco. For the rich and insatiable Forty-waters had attracted the solution for the great French houses—Koonicker, Haidcock, Moët & Chandon. The sales nature inspired a great line of competing American wine makers—the Hanssens's, a young man from Burgundy named Paul Meissner, the Korbel brothers, from Bohemia, and the Dulon Swiss Colony group, which brought over a champagne maker from Reims in 1900 and won the grand prize at the Tenth International Fair with its Golden State Extra Dry only two years later.

The rage for champagne in America coincided with the pluckers that devastated more than two million acres of French vineyard between 1850 and 1910. It would be unfair to say that domestic champagne was popular only because of the wine scare, but it is true that domestic sales didn't start until 1910, when French wines again came on the market. In any case, demand for any champagne was enormous, and by the turn of the

century, society was drinking it like soda water.

In time, some of it began to taste like soda water. The demand for outstripped the harvest of debilitated wine makers, others who didn't know a second fermentation from second base. It was discovered that they could artificially pump carbon dioxide into still wine and sell it to the thirsty with decent oars, even though the gross, gassy, short-lived bubbles they produced had little resemblance to the delicate mousse of fine champagne. Others ignored the tradition of making champagne from the best grapes, processing of the grapes and instead added bubbles and sugar to wines made from second and third pressings. In some quarters, champagne earned a bad reputation—a reputation that stuck throughout Prohibition and up to today.

The early California wine makers had, by a gentleman's agreement, favored French regulations in making and labeling their sparkling wine. They never called it champagne. But these traditions never became law, and today, champagne means too much to mean anything at all. What we call champagne can be red or white; it can be made from any grapes grown anywhere. With depressing regularity, labels on young champagne are posted on bottles of sweet sparkling wine that could only be improved by being drunk from an iron gutter. Small wonder that connoisseurs, having tried the domestic stuff once—usually to toast cousin Martha at her wedding—rejected all champagne as an unapproachable foreign affliction.

Others were less discerning. In 1910, when Moët-Hennessy began considering a U.S. winery investment, Americans were drinking old-fashioned, sweet, commonly sparkling Burgundy or concord-grape wines blended with New York State champagne. Tastes changed around 1925, and some drinkers switched to California's less sweet *Arlene* and *Star* "champagnes", together with the company's cold chut, they continue to be the country's largest-selling sparkling wines, with sales estimated to amount to more than four case bottles a year. The late 1920s was also the period when American youth—high on life and low on champagne—switched from beer to wine, fiery, low alcohol "pop wines".

Yet, while the yahoos were living it up with that stuff, the first wine let's hope were serving at dinner tables, looking the college-educated trend setter of upper middle class.

In 1925, a consumer study sponsored by the Wine Advisory Board identified the biggest group of first-time wine drinkers as women between the ages of forty and fifty-two. By 1971, the group was moved and under thirty. What turn would the market take next? Nobody could be certain. But the late 1920s, when makers entered in wine-making the States. The American wine market seemed as predictable as the next earthquake, the sparkling wine market was viewed with particular suspicion.

Then, in 1972, the Arthur D. Little consulting firm produced "Wine America," an extremely positive feasibility study on the American wine and industry show. For each European client—a \$20,000 each. A synopsis of the three-volume report caught the attention of Moët-Hennessy. So did its coauthor, John Wright.

That study was one of the factors that sparked foreign interest in the American wine scene, the declining dollar and the resurgence of patriotism—the Communist green revolution for Lady or unstance—a new thing. In the past few years, Louis N. Goeborg, a San Francisco wine industry consultant, had had inquiries from a huge Dutch tobacco company, a German chemical producer, an enormous sparkling wine maker in Arto, Italy, a Los Angeles real estate firm acting on behalf of an unnamed Arab client, and the New York business for Ladies' (and Gents). For some intensely image-conscious Europeans, like Laffite, the move into California was simply too obvious. Others, like Nestlé, which bought Benetton for \$6 million in 1971, or Sanyo, the Japanese partner in Brooks Furniture's Sams Line winery, expanded to the United States with the same ease that American companies ventured abroad in other decades.

At first, the late Robert Jean de Vogt (then chairman of the board of Moët-Hennessy), Alan Chiverton (director-general), and Fred Chandon (vice-chairman) followed the conservative



The French must first change American drinking habits and the image of champagne.

advice of their bankers and sought to buy an existing winery. They abandoned that idea within a couple of months. Of the few prestige American sparkling wine makers, Schramsberg refused to be bought, and the various multiple of Korbel seemed prohibitive. According to John Wright, Schramsberg's neighbor, Brian Korbel, was fleetingly considered. Korbel, a third-generation German wine maker, came to California in a political exile in 1940, the notion that he would surrender a hard-earned reputation as one of the country's top champagne makers was so laughable that he was never approached. In the end, the Moët-Hennessy top brass reverted to their original intention, in the traditional avenging style of an ITT or an IBM, they started from scratch, with no American partners.

The French Expansion

For Fred Chandon, the growth of his company is a simple matter of family tradition. The Moët and Chandon have been making wine and money since 1765—just a few years after Dom Pérignon refined the method of champagne. What separates the Moët and Chandon from their neighbors in Champagne is an interest for commerce second only to their abhorrence of state makers. By contrast, Krug, as a typical example, has always been content to flourish in provincial obscurity. Chandon's business death and to produce small, impeccable releases of their champagne.

When de Vogue and Fred Chandon, who was then barely thirty years old, were first starting about for ways to maintain their company's growth in the last half of the twentieth century, it took them a long time to generate a real cash. In 1962, the company sold 13 percent of its stock in a public offering and, with the money raised, acquired Dom Ruinart, whose champagne is in the same superlative class as Moët & Chandon's Dom Pérignon and its Merlot, which makes a high-quality, slightly lower-rated (and priced) champagne. With improved finances, global expansion became possible. In 1966, Moët & Chandon went to Germany to produce its own Sekt, in 1974, the company opened a Brazilian sparkling wine operation and another in Argentina in the late Sixties. Within five years, new operations are planned for Australia and South Africa.

For Fred Chandon, the great experiment began in earnest when, for the first time in its history, Moët & Chandon began shopping for growth outside the wine business.

Fred Chandon wanted to buy other companies but only ones whose products reflected a French sensibility for luxury and high quality and that were, in addition, highly exportable. In other words, very suitable with (yellow) waters that would complement the Moët & Chandon image. Tool- and die-makers need not apply.

In 1968, Moët & Chandon acquired half the shares in Dior Parfums, the cosmetics segment of the greatly ill-fated Christian Dior empire. Then Fred bid on Hennessy Cognac, a firm of roughly the same size and age as his own, and personally approached the family that controlled it. He closed the merger quickly, after offering "advantages" by the French government as a capital gains burden on the Hennessy family. The new corporation, Moët Hennessy, was headed by two chairmen, Maurice Hennessy and de Vogue with Alain Chandon and Fred Chandon as directors and managers. The Hennessy clan brought in virtually all the outstanding shares in Dior Parfums; today, with sales of under \$400 million, it is the company's smallest segment but also its fastest growing. If there is anything more French than champagne, cognac, or perfume, it is



Antique corking machine connects with the stainless steel.

probably cognac, and now, with the French government's decision not to bid on the nearby bankrupt Bouzard, there is speculation that Moët-Hennessy will step up the House of Dior as well.

By 1972, Moët-Hennessy—with profits of 187 million francs on revenues of 811 million francs—was France's eleventh-largest corporation. Moët & Chandon, for 200 years the country's largest champagne producer and one of its largest family-held firms, had become one of Moët-Hennessy's subsidiaries. It was time to expand to America.

By this time, John Wright was back in the Napa Valley, improving an early semiretirement, consulting a little, and wine making a lot at his Pichle Canyon vineyard. Chandon picked him from this skill to supervise the project. By the end of 1972, Wright was signing production contracts with growers—most of whom he knew personally—to secure the grapes for the first releases and seedling the valley for vineyard. When Wright found promising acreage, the noble from Eperny usually came with and then "buy it!" Moët & Chandon, which is the largest vineyard landholder in France's 35,000-acre Champagne region, has long since learned that vineyard is a demanding commodity—the company has been unable to expand beyond its 900 acres there since 1890. Today, Domaine Chandon owns around 900 plantable acres in Napa (and about 800 other acres), including the 550-acre, fog-cooled Corcoran ranch—a huge holding—just south of the city of Napa and a sizable chunk of Mount Veeder. At around \$3,000 an acre, the land accounts for a great deal of the \$14 million the company has already invested. And that's just for plantable vineyard; \$8,000 to \$10,000 more per acre will have to be spent to turn it into mature vineyard.

Cynics are quick to point out that, at worst, Domaine Chandon could end up with a very hairy real estate investment. John Wright discounts that motivation: "If that were it, we could have bought bulk wine, fermented it by the bulk process, shipped it on our label, and put it on the shelf for five dollars and fifty cents."

"Well, they couldn't really do that," says one wine writer, who professed success for Domaine Chandon when the first releases came out more than two years ago. "They have to live in

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The ultimate goal will be to produce in Napa a luxury cuvée equal to Dom Pérignon.

Champagne." The company is mock, not to speak, with a reputation for excellence. The wine community believes that the wine he sold in Napa Valley sparkling wine, not as champagne, which is a strict appellation of origin in France. This is a little ironic, since, of all the American sparkling wines, Domäne Chandon's Napa Valley Brut most closely resembles classic French champagne.

Wine making at Domäne Chandon, of Yountville, California, is no different from wine making at Moët & Chandon, of Reims, France. The complicated and costly *methode champenoise*—which means far more than bottle fermenting—is followed to its finest detail. Moët & Chandon's cellar master travels regularly to California to supervise the blends of chardonnay, Pinot Noir, Pinot Blanc, and Chardonnay grapes—not a Thompson submachine in sight—for each cuvée. And, Domäne Chandon's second fermentation are managed with a bunch of Moët & Chandon's legendary yeast.

The payoff in the quality of the wine has been well known, and the recognition, immediate. Sam Aaron, whose famous Sherry Lebrun in New York is the biggest outlet for Domäne Chandon, acknowledges the classic style of the Napa Valley Brut, although he personally prefers the Blanc de Noir for its rich full flavor and its pretty pale-salmon color. As to Domäne Chandon's producing a superactive, he says simply, "There is no question that they can." A California wine merchant who conducts exclusive champagne tastings agrees: "The 1973 Napa Valley Brut has it all already, they can make that leap to the clear difference in richness and complexity of the great champagnes."



Moët's Napa bottling room is larger than the one in France.



West-Hollywood's California operation includes a restaurant.

Right now, whatever ad campaign the little Maxwell Arnold agency in San Francisco is planning for Chandon is a true secret, but some things are apparent. For one thing, Maxwell Arnold himself was the creative director on the Korbel account when it "ruled" as a national champagne in the mid-1960s. Those ads explained that the wine was made with extra care, so of course it cost more—the Chèvre Royal approach, which flatters the consumer for spending extra for the best. A similar appeal to the consumer's taste and intelligence could work for Domäne Chandon. The harder part will be to change most Americans' old-line fine that champagne should be reserved for festive occasions and to gain a broader base for sparkling wine by stressing that it is a popular, if not common, aperitif as France—which is true—and that the rage for drinking while wine at cocktail time is inspired by the French as a popular American habit—which is also true. This too could work. There is nothing apparently noble Americans like to do more than whatever it is the French are doing. There will be no broad-based advertising, no billboards, and no extensive selling, all of which would, it is felt, cheapen the Domäne Chandon image and create a demand that cannot be met. Which leaves the same old magazines that carry those Moët and Korbel ads.

For the rest, everyone from Jack Davies to Sam Aaron agrees: "They can sell as much as Korbel if they hold the price, the gap between them is two dollars and cannot be more." At \$8.50 a bottle in California and around a dollar more in other places, the years could appeal to those buyers who periodically spend \$25 to \$30 on French champagne, as well as the rest of us, who have champagne taste and beer pocketbooks. Champagne is no longer the most expensive wine you can buy; there are California Chandonys that cost more.

The question is, Can the company that made champagne for Napoleon and Queen Victoria make a California sparkling wine that will appeal to middle-class Americans? The smart money says yes.

After all, it's not coming from your average little old wine maker. ☐

Marketing Strategy

After a recent lunch Fred Chandon sipped a cold fire with us or of reflection. He is on a quick swing through the United States, traveling through the West—through California to Denver, and on to it. Lower-to-middle-class restaurants in these important markets. Until now, some 600 state accounts have been handled directly from the winery, while Schellberg & Co. has distributed the wine in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Florida.

The trip is strictly business, with some of the promised favors and receptions of the sort that have made Dom Pérignon the hottest French champagne of the last decade—although Chandon is good at that too. The family instinct for serious enterprise and uncompromising quality is coupled with a two-century-old fear for public relations. Fred is particularly fond of the story of his ancestor Pierre-Gabriel Chandon de Briailles, who understood the art of promotion. Pierre had been one of Napoleon's few friends at boarding school—"Napoleon was short, you know, and had the Corsican accent," says tall, slim Fred, by way of anecdotal explanation. Later, when the short outcast became the short emperor of France, he could hardly refuse an invitation from Pierre, who had built a pair of elegant white diamonds, complete with reflecting pool and orangery, in anticipation of just such a state visit. Eventually, everyone from the Duke of Wellington to Czar Alexander had stopped at Moët & Chandon.

Today, part of Chandon's job is to provide our publicity. The reason is simple. Winery's Henry Dally, and Paris's Moët that gawk over his Pampas penthouse, his vintage Bugatti, his six trips and hunting trips, and her nights at Reger's with pretty women are not discouraged. It's not such a bad image for a cooer who runs a champagne company.



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Passport Scotch



Model Reading, 1973. Watercolor.



THE OTHER SIDE OF DAVID LEVINE

Esqüire contributing editor David Levine is thought by many to be one of the greatest caricaturists in history. His caricatures of politicians, literary and actors are the most incisive, accurate, and imaginative in America today. Simply put, Levine knows character better than most.

What is less well known about Levine—and what is unusual about him as an artist—is that in addition to his gifts as a caricaturist, he is also one of the country's best watercolorists. The complete range of Levine's talent has been brought together for the first time in a book published this month by Alfred A. Knopf Inc., entitled *The Arts of David Levine*, from which the illustrations on these pages have been taken.

Levine started as a cartoonist but claims he got "saturated with painting" while in art school. He did not come back to cartoons until Esquire commissioned him to do his first caricature in 1959. Since then, he has been active in both mediums. "Watercolor is more immediate in its relationship to craftsmanship," says Levine. "I tend to draw more in watercolor than when artists do. Watercolor is harder when done in the Cartesian or American academic tradition, where white paper has to be preserved and, therefore, every brushstroke is solidified with L'Appracheil as a line on it. There are no rules, and while is only relative in a color. These playfulness on the surface becomes an element."

—Annalisa Urbani

The best known caricaturist in America shows his mastery as a watercolorist

D. Levine

Atlanta, 1967. Watercolor



Atlanta, 1974. Watercolor on silk.



Fission at Coney, 1899. Watercolor



Jack Kemp's Bootleg Run to the Right

There's much more to the congressman's
game plan than the tax revolt

by Martin Tolchin

Look at that physique, look at that athletic grace," marvels Congresswoman Millicent Fenwick, a pipe-smoking, sixty-eight-year-old New Jersey Republican. The congressman took in the direction of the quarterback-turned politician when shaking hands at the Capitol Hill Club in Washington. It is a benefit for U.S. Senate candidate Jeff Bell, who defeated liberal incumbent Clifford Case for the New Jersey Republican nomination.

Look at that extraordinary vitality, like an old-time revolution, all that power and drive. I love to watch him debate on the House floor—one shoulder goes down, one knee bends, and you've got the stance of a statue. Look at the way he moves—I bet he's a wonderful dancer.

Was Fenwick turned on by the castanet-totting, forty-three-year-old conservative with the Keatonesque swirl of Monday hair across his forehead? "You bet I am," she replied, without hesitation.

You see it when he enters a room. How could confidence this perpetually fit, transplanted southern Californian who has represented conservative Buffalo, New York, as Congress since 1971. And you see it when he steps up to the rostrum and jabs and boomerangs and ducks and dodges through a fairly hoard speech, filling everybody what they want most to hear: that the answer to the nation's most pressing problems lies in less individual sacrifice—not more—and that a major federal tax cut is now in the national interest.

Jack Kemp turns people on—and not just women. Working a crowd like an old-time revival, he cuts a special spell among hard-driving, self-made entrepreneurs on the make in Middle America, the kind of people who turn out at the Kiwanis or the Lions Club to hear the local sports hero speak. This young quarterback knows that crowd well: his father Bill's jersey number 15 was hung in the Professional Football Hall of Fame at Canton, Ohio.

Kemp is suddenly the hottest young property in the Grand Old Party. He has identified what Bill Brock, the Republican national chairman, calls "our most important issue"—and has

Martin Tolchin reports on the White House for the *N.Y. Times*.

spread the gospel in one hundred and fifty speeches in thirty-two states since January. His schedule in the past two months alone included major speeches at the Texas Republican convention and in St. Louis, Salt Lake City, Chicago, Las Vegas, New York City, Norfolk, and Washington, D.C. This month, on October 1, he gave the keynote address at the Republican state convention in New Hampshire. The first presidential primary will be held there, after all, and the candidates will be tramping through the snows in little more than a year.

Not does Kemp appear only on behalf of conservative Republicans like Jeff Bell. He also pops up at dead centers for moderate Republicans, such as Bob Pickens of Oregon, John Anderson, of Illinois, and Bill Cohen of Maine.

Jack is doing what he would be doing were he a candidate for President, naming second speakers for Republican candidates, supplying keynote titles of the Public Affairs gold-father of the so-called neo-conservatives, and leading members of Jack Kemp's brain trust.

Julie Wonnaka, a former *Roll Stone* Journal editorial writer who is the congressman's closest adviser—his "theologian," Kemp says—goes even farther. "I think that Jack will announce that he'll run for the presidency, and I think he'll win and be the next president. I've asked him to tell me when he decides that he's not running for President, so that I can shift my resources to someone else."

Wonnaka readily acknowledges, however, that some facts, like a weak sales record for his books, "This intense young man is Kemp's anchor on the issue that he has been riding to national prominence: the overvaluing of all-purpose solutions for a major reduction in the federal tax rate, so gradual a scale it would affect every facet of our lives.

Congressman Kemp has broken down his tax-cut thrust into interchangeable parts that he repackages for each audience, being the delivery with stories from professional football, where he earned his living for thirteen years.

Generally speaking, "he tells an audience, 'If you tax something, you get less of it. If you subsidize something, you get more of it. In America we tax work, growth, investment, employment, savings, and productivity. The subsidies are working, contraception, welfare, and debt.'"

Kemp is a just a week at *Occidental College* in Pasadena. Now he reads newspapers at home every evening, trying to keep up

"Jack was reading de Tocqueville. . . I wanted him to retain that, but I also wanted him to have a feel for a pragmatic politics."



San Diego editor Mark Kline opened public affairs for Roth.

For football seasons, a favorite novelist, Richard Pease, whom he supported until the end. "I think if he'd been a first-string end at Whitby College, instead of a third string end, it might have helped."

But his major theme, indeed his only theme, is that the tax rate is the single, most important determinant of how Americans live. Cutting the federal tax rate, he says, would promote incentives for growth, investment, employment, savings, and productivity, and would naturally effect higher government revenues.

That is the message he delivers with evangelical fervor. "I'd have a flash," he admits, "at a probably any moment."

The error over Kemp's tax proposal broke me on the editorial page of *The Wall Street Journal* is the item of a major debate between former White House economic adviser Herbert Stein and Kristall. Most conservative economists like Stein question the wisdom of Kemp's one-shot theory. Others are more hawk. They like Kemp to moderate taxes or make oil savings, with one quick curtailment. Jack Kemp represents the self-educated man, say their critics, who is too impatient to search for complex answers and who instead settles for a simplistic premise.

Kemp is quick to respond to charges that he is a one-issue politician.

"Before one issue has no issues," he says in his Capitol Hill office, filled with football memorabilia and a prominent statue of Don Quixote. "How many members of the House of Representatives would love to have no issue? How many members of the House of Representatives ever got a national issue that not only is good for their district but has implications that go beyond parochial or unidirectional interests?"

"Besides," he added, chopping the air with his right hand, "I don't think it's one issue. I think it's what this nation is going to pursue in terms of its values, its policies, its trade, its hopes, its opportunity for people. It is going to be a combination of all of these—education, or are we going to face the future with more optimism, some hope, and some belief in ourselves?"

The tax-cut proposal was introduced in a bill, backed by the Republican party's congressional leaders and an unusual committee, that Kemp cosponsored with Senator William Roth Jr., of Delaware. The Kemp-Roth bill would provide for an average reduction in personal income taxes of 13 percent in three years; a reduction from 48 to 45 percent in the top corporate tax rate, and an increase from \$30,000 to \$100,000 at which the top corporate rate takes effect.

The bill is grounded on the theories of economist Arthur Laffer, of the University of Southern California (USC). Laffer says the sharing of California tax cutter Howard Jarvis, describes a tax rate at which an individual or incentive to produce and invest evaporates. The radical Republican economists and writers, like Waisako, who have gathered around Laffer say that when that tax rate is exceeded, government tax revenues will eventually fall irreversibly flat.

The House defeated the controversial bill, 240-177, on a procedural motion, but New Jersey's Jeff Bell—a near-perfect

political clone of Jack Kemp—is pushing the big Kemp-Roth tax cut issue with promise of a margin of victory for his over Bill Bradley, the glamorous liberal Democratic candidate. Most Republican party officials throughout the country remain convinced that Kemp-Roth will still be a potent political issue in 1980, when the presidential campaign is in full swing.

THAT FOOTBALL FELLOWSHIP

Politics in Jack Kemp's second career, and the less financially rewarding one. However, professional football, his first love, proved to be good basic training for elective politics.

On the football field, the southern California WASHU beat to work with men from diverse ethnic groups and backgrounds. Although a born-fair conservative, with a 3-percent ADA rating, who opposed the Panama Canal treaty and cuts in defense spending and school busing, Kemp is one of the few on the right who supported the Equal Rights Amendment and the Denver of Colorado voting rights amendment.

Nor does he harbor the intense bias of most fellow conservatives. As a cofounder of the American Football League players association, he says he became "a great believer in the right of employees to negotiate collectively."

"I think that is a basic human right," he adds.

Old memories are frequent visitors to his Washington office and to the stylish, New England contemporary home he owns in Bethesda, Maryland. Dinner is something of a family ritual for the Kemp family, and the congressman's wife and four children are always present at the table no matter who the guests are.

Sometimes his football fellowship comes in handy at feud makers. Ernie Barnes, a black, six-foot three-inch, 250-pound former guard for the San Diego Chargers, attended a Kemp fund-raiser in Buffalo and told the Republican, middle-class audience that he had known poverty in Texas and was a lifelong Democrat. But, in a deep, resonant voice, Barnes then pointed to Jack Kemp and said solemnly, "I want you to know . . . this is my son."

"That can't be contrived," says the congressman, who proudly wears an AFL championship ring on the third finger of his right hand. "That can't be contrived."

Earlier, pro-football giant Jack Kemp's leadership role, both as the captain of two of the top-league teams on which he played and as an organizer of the players' association. Nevertheless, politics took some getting used to.

"When I first ran, I had been a quarterback of a football team," he recalled. "I'd get beaten or charged, carried off the field to be hung in the tunnel, or carried off the field in victory. And the same people who cheered me one week would boo me the next, so you didn't take it too seriously. You learned to shrug yourself from that type of emotion."

Then when I started to run for office, it was very difficult to change from somebody who had been in a stand-off position, with security around him, to going out and shaking hands and making people. I told Jeff Bell during the New Jersey primary, 'You've got to get as obnoxious as I am.' You have to do it. You have to go out and shake hands, and it's demonstrating.

Another difference, he said, was that "when you're a quarterback, you need to have the feeling that you're in the middle, you're the quarterback, you're the leader, you call the play, you don't talk, you don't listen to the crowd, you do what you think is right."

"Now, in my new profession, you've got to listen," he continued. "You can't just say, 'I'm going to do what I best for you, come hell or high water,' because while you wait your conscience in the Edmund Burke sense and use your judgment, you also must be listening and interpreting what the consensus is."

"It's really the democratization of Jack Kemp," he added.

Right? Quarterback Jack Kemp led the Buffalo Bills to the American Football League championship in 1964 and 1965.



PHOTO: BOB D'AMICO/USA

"Nobody supports his basic thesis that if you cut taxes very substantially, you'll get more revenue sometime in the near future."



Photo: Bob Schuchman

Conservative economist Herb Krieger is depicted in *Reap the Whirlwind*.

with a good game. He had always wanted to play pro football. "I wanted to play pro football since I was six years old," he says. "Six," he repeats, holding up six fingers for emphasis. Football was his first love. It was his life in the public schools of Los Angeles, where he was used to relieve conflict on the three or four sons of the owner of a small trucking company.

"I just got an education by osmosis," he recalls. But he did well enough at Farlan High School—which Kemp, a Presbyterian, recalls as 90 percent Jewish and a very good school academically—to go to Occidental College.

"I wasn't big enough to go to USC or UCLA," he recalls. "I was five feet ten inches, one hundred and seventy-five pounds. They weren't that interested. But I was going to play football. I knew, I was going to play pro football."

A teammate at Occidental, David Aaron, is now deputy to Zbigniew Brzezinski, the President's national security adviser. Aaron recalls Jack Kemp as a lively quarterback who could easily rilly the team and inspire it with a great spirit. "I was always very optimistic," Kemp recalls. "I was the type that really believed that sport could conquer any odds." Aaron does not recall, however, that Kemp ever showed an interest in politics, history, economics, philosophy, or anything other than football.

It's true that I was totally tunnel-visioned in terms of the game. I had for myself, which was to play football," Kemp confesses. "But I got a good education just the same. You couldn't help getting a broad education. You can't get off of Grey without learning something. I majored in PE [physical education], but you have to take thirty-four units of history and some printed courses, all the sciences. It's just a very good school."

His wife, Irene—trim, port, her blood hair now a frosty grey—was a classmate at Occidental. They married the year after he graduated and became a third-string quarterback for the Pittsburgh Steelers at an annual income of \$6,500. Then came the Detroit Lions, the New York Giants, the San Diego Chargers, and finally, the Buffalo Bills. He twice led the Bills to American Football League championships. In 1965, he was the AFL's Most Valuable Player.

ONE FOR THE GIPPER

Kemp's greatest thrill came one afternoon in 1964 when the Bills traveled to Boston to play the Patriots. The game took place during the middle of a snowstorm, and Kemp wasn't sure he would be fielded. But the coach told him, "Jack, you're going to start and go all the way." The Bills won and then went on to beat the Chargers for the AFL championship.

But early on, Kemp says, he decided that there was more to life than pro football.

"Getting married, buying a home, having our first son. I became very interested in other things besides football—money and ideas. All of a sudden, I wanted to go back to school."

"I realized that I didn't want PE," he said. "I didn't want to be a coach—nothing against it. I didn't want to be a teacher, although I had a teacher's degree and so did Iwaine." What he wanted to do was learn about the world, about economics, history, and political science. He started reading every night.

"It was a road-to-Danvers-like experience," he said. Jack Kemp made his political debut in 1958, while with the Giants. He worked in the off-season on Nelson Rockefeller's gubernatorial campaign, making campaign appearances with a scientist, Frank Gilford.

In 1960, he did some volunteer work for Nixon. In 1961, he went to the San Diego Chargers as a free agent, and met one of the men who was to influence his life most—Herbert Klein.

Klein was then editor of the *San Diego Union* and a great sports fan. He was later to become President Nixon's director of communications. Klein became Kemp's patron, encouraging the athlete to take an off-season job with the Copley papers in San Diego that readily involved public speaking about leadership or civic responsibility. It was just the kind of horse training that General Electric gave Ronald Reagan—something of a football hero himself, who played George Gipp in the 1940 film *Katharine Hepburn*. Kemp went into the newspaper's editorial training program.

Klein also opened political doors for Kemp and introduced him to the newly stirring California Republicans—including Nixon, Reagan, and Bob French. And he inspired him on politics. "I was philosophy kind, and he was very practical," Kemp recalled. "I was coming in from a philosophical commitment and an interest in philosophy, and Herb was practical. He brought some of my ideas down into the real world."

Klein recalls that Kemp, was reading de Tocqueville, he was interested in the philosophic side. I had him retain that. But I also wanted him to have a feel for pragmatic politics.

Under Klein's guidance, Kemp worked in the 1962 gubernatorial campaign, making football hero appearances at Nixon rallies although he had already left the state—he had been waived to the Bills for \$100 after breaking the index finger of his throwing hand. He continued his political stamp work, however, doing the Goldwater presidential campaign in 1964 and



Two football jockeys: Gerald Ford and Jack Kemp, in costume given by Bert Stern and his son to the Ford White House

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"I think that Jack will announce for the presidency and that he will then run and win it . . . Have you heard about the homosexual thing?"



Author Judy Wansink provides Keup with a bit of advice.

competing for the Reagan-Pinch ticket in California in 1986. In 1987, Keup was rewarded for his yeoman efforts with a three-month, off-season job in Sacramento as an assistant to the new Reagan administration's chief of staff, again assigned to speechwriting.

Those three months have had repercussions on the political career of Jack Keup that are still being felt.

JUST A CABIN IN THE WOODS

The rumors he've inspired him for a decade. They've circulated in football stadiums, Capitol corridors, and national conventions.

When they surfaced at the 1976 Republican national convention in Kansas City, Keup became so concerned that he considered a dinner meeting of his boss that to discuss how to handle the issue. Those present, he recalls, were Jim Kling, Jude Wanniski, Irving Kristol, Jerry Warren—and Keup's wife, Joanne.

"We spent an hour and a half talking about how we were going to handle it," Wanniski recalled.

They duly conceded, however, that it was a problem without an answer.

Now that Jack Keup is being talked about in a presidential candidate, some of his advisors are asking the same in interviews with some of the journalists who are writing profiles of the rising political star.

"Have you heard about the homosexual thing?" Wanniski asked me during a lunch at The Taverna on Capitol Hill.

"The homosexual thing," dates to August 1987, when two chief aides to Governor Reagan resigned abruptly to return to private life. One of the aides was Jack Keup's boss.

Although he denies it, and disavows it in this reporter, the evidence is overwhelming that in October of 1987, Lynn Rodriguez, the governor's press secretary, told six reporters that the two high-ranking Reagan staff members had been dismissed for homosexual activity. The reporters were David Broder of *The Washington Post*, Paul Hagg of the *Washington Evening Star*, Karl Ploching of *New York*, Carl Grossberg of the *Los Angeles Times*, Jack McDevell of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, and Bill Feltner of the *Columbia Broadcasting System*.

Not one of the news items reported the allegation. However, in late October, Drew Pearson alleged in a syndicated column that two homosexuals had been dismissed from the Reagan staff and that Mr. Nofziger had told this to reporters on the S.S. Andrews as it sailed to the Virgin Islands with the 1987 National Governors' Conference on board.

The Pearson column also referred to reports that the homosexual ring was more widespread and that it involved an "attitude."

Governor Reagan held a news conference to deny angrily the charges. "I'm prepared to say that nothing like that ever happened," he told reporters.

The governor then asked, "Want to confirm it, Lynn?" Mr. Nofziger, who was at the news conference, raised his

hand and said, "Confirmed."

Jack Keup says that he considered suing Drew Pearson for libel but was finally dissuaded by Herb Kline, who counseled that such an action would only focus attention on the young Bushland star.

Keup admits that he and his boss were close friends. They had invested together in the Lake Tahoe cabin where certain homosexual parties were alleged to have occurred. Keup says that he never stayed in the cabin and that he regarded the Tahoe property merely as a financial investment. He adds that he felt that it was advantageous to make an investment with one's superior.

Keup also recalls that he had traveled extensively with the case, now a Los Angeles-based attorney, but says that the relationship finally grew vaguely uncomfortable. Keup claims he sought a transfer to another department.

He recalls the individual as "brilliant, powerful, emotional, effeminate." But he did not believe that the man was a homosexual. Their friendship ended a decade ago, but the rumors smoldered.

Asked point-blank about his own involvement in the matter, the congressman said, "There is absolutely not a shred of evidence. There's nothing, and there's nothing. It was kind of getting swept in with a lot of people who got hurt."

Every one who has looked into the case has come to the same conclusion.

THE WAY THE WORLD WORKS

Jack Keup's political career began in earnest three years later, in the winter of 1990. Leaders of the Republican party in California asked him to run for Congress. The test was then held by Richard (Max) McCarty, a liberal Democrat who spent a year for the Senate. Keup ran as a Republican-Conservative, defeating Thomas P. Flaherty, the Democrat-Liberal, by 52 to 48 percent. And in the two elections since then, he has received 72 and 78 percent of the vote.

In 1976, the young congressman considered waging a primary race against Senator Jacob K. Javits, the Republican-Liberal, but decided to wait, perhaps until 1980.

Keup's emergence as a national Republican superstar can be traced to early 1976 and his first meeting with Jude Wanniski, then a staff writer for *The Wall Street Journal*'s editorial page.

Mr. Wanniski had written in the *Journal* about Columbia University economist Robert H. Mundell, who as a consultant to the Canadian government had counseled lowering the tax rate. The 1976 reduction had produced a sizable increase in Canadian tax revenues.

"I called the *Journal* to find out where Mundell was, and they put me in touch with Wanniski," Keup recalls. "Jude was in town talking to Eddie Maher, who used to be the executive director of the Republican National Committee, and Eddie said, 'You've got to meet Keup.' So Jude came by the office, and we talked all day. I took him home for dinner—that's my modern apartment—and we talked all night." Keup said.



The Keups: Jack, Judy, Jeffrey, Joanne, James Jennifer.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

"It's more than a reasonable chance that I am wrong. But why not try something new. We must have an economics that is useful."



USC's Arthur Laffer devised the basic economic ideas.

Womack recalls that "after we met, Kemp's ideas about the economy were a mixture of old-guard Republicanism and an instinct that something must be done with executives."

Womack was then the leading proponent of the theories of Arthur Laffer, the USC economist who developed the Laffer Curve. The curve postulates that there are two tax rates that yield the same revenues: a low rate and a high rate. The low rate is better, he contends, because it encourages economic growth. When tax rates climb too high, tax yield is reduced because of decreased incentives to motivate earnings, a condition that Laffer believed exists in this country today.

Laffer continues to stress—most recently in a telephone interview last month—that he strongly believes in the curve, which despite Jack Kemp has drawn enough notoriety in Washington to paper the Capitol grounds. But some say that the USC economist is not nearly so enthusiastic about the practical aspects of his research as Jude Womack. Laffer recently sold a correspondence for Nov.-as-risk magazine that "there's more than a reasonable probability that I'm wrong. But why not try something new."

"It's almost a theology," Mr. Laffer now contends. "You can overpay yourself in the market so that you make no profit, and you can underpay yourself in the market so that you make more."

How does he feel about being the father of a political movement? "Economists are here to provide no consensus that's useful," he says.

Womack popularized Laffer's work in articles in *The Wall Street Journal* and in a new book, *The Way the World Works*, which, like Laffer's earlier title, begins, *divine providence*. "There is no way of knowing how the world works, beyond a rough approximation."

Womack, who calls himself "a dissent theologian," found an eager student in Kemp. He also found something of an idol. Womack has fervently supported the young congressman to one of the world's great religious leaders.

"Every new idea that something happens like this," he breathlessly told a political confidant. "The last time was Christ."

Indeed, Womack and Kemp often sound like true believers among their own laity and disciples. A year ago, they began to meet periodically with Irving Kristol, with representatives like David Stockman of Michigan, Robert Livingston of Louisiana, and Bill Calvo of Maine, with Senator Frank Roth of Delaware, and with aides to senators Jesse Helms of North Carolina, Orrin Hatch of Utah, and representatives Willis Gradison Jr. of Utah and John Rostenkowski of California.

"We call it the circle," Womack said. Although Jack Kemp is the nominal leader, the conservatives give each other mutual support. "When Stagler got water votes [on the Ways and Means Committee, for his proposal to reduce the capital gains rate], we dropped everything to try to get the twentieth."

"The Kemp folks are by no means kindred to politicians, however." There are a lot of Kemp followers all over the country, young guys, correspondents, almost the same kind of people



See Jack Kemp bound up the steps of the House to make a question mark.

He said that tonight, his first bill is nothing but a question mark in D.C.

who are attracted to the sporting scene," Womack claims. "The Fortune 500 have never built anything. They're not risk takers. A guy gets to be president of General Motors by never throwing the bomb."

The political models used by the Kemp team tend are an odd lot: mixture of military and biblical civilities.

"We talk about the Good Shepherd model," Womack said. "We believe in conservatism, not coalition. The Good Shepherd does not leave the stray lamb behind."

Then there is what Womack calls the "Alexander the Great model." The general never left a wounded warrior behind. Womack said: "That's how Alexander the Great could take over the world. The first thing he had soldiers do was make the temples, and he would wear their religious garb and encourage his soldiers to every kind of rape."

Womack has kept a regular close contact with Irving Kristol, who, with Arthur Laffer, provides economic, philosophical, and political advice that, when Womack defines it as a post-New Deal conservative.

"They're not fighting the New Deal battle all over again," Kristol said. "They were born into a world where that was the status quo. Jack is in favor of fiscal integrity, but I don't drive him up the wall that there are government programs."

Conservatives are fighting the welfare state. Neo-conservatives are fighting for a conservative welfare state that would satisfy the desires of the American people for a certain degree of security—old age, unemployment, and so forth—but would not collectivize the economy.

Kristol added, "That's what separates Jack from Reagan or Goldwater. Not is Kemp an individual? Conservatives are individualists." Kristol said "that neo-conservatives are both

nationalists and internationalists."

The basic truth is basic economic truths—that tax cuts will lead to increased revenues as the economy expands—is not shared by most economists, including conservative economists.

Nobody supports his basic proposition that if you cut the tax rates very substantially, you'll get more revenue in the long run in the foreseeable future," says economist Herbert Stein. Stein was chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors during the Nixon administration and is now at both the University of Virginia and the conservative-leaning American Enterprise Institute.

The real case for tax cuts is that we are just paying a higher proportion of our income than we used to do and we're not getting our money back," Mr. Stein continued.

Although Stein gradually supports Kemp, he believes that there should be a \$100-billion cut over the next three years after the bill went into effect. Subsequent growth in the economy, says Stein, would return barely a fifth of that amount to federal coffers.

Jack Kemp is upset by the lack of enthusiasm of conservative economists. "It disappoints me that Herb Stein has so little faith in the ability of the economy to expand," the congressman says. "I read his book and he starts off by saying that in the recession of 1930, Herbert Hoover raised taxes, while in the recession of 1932, John F. Kennedy lowered taxes."

Kemp says of his conservative critics: "Their political and economic model is bad politics and bad economics."

Some congressional Republicans are also critical of Kemp. "Jack is hard to live with," said a senior member of the House. "He's got an ego as big as a football field. His relations

as put the best. He's a megalomaniac, a one man show. He's a promoter."

The politician reflected a moment and then wryly added, "Maybe that's what it takes to advance to higher office."

CURBING THE WELFARE STATE

Jack Kemp is speaking to a group of plant executives from the National Distillers Company at a luncheon meeting at the Capitol. "At this very moment, the country is in danger," he warns with much solemnity. "Congress is in session. Your taxes are going up."

"The steady erosion of incentives in the economy is one of the most serious problems the country faces today," he continues. "The economy is the foreign parliament in Washington, D.C., this has driven a wedge between labor and management, the wedge of federal tax rates, Social Security taxes, and state tax rates."

The Republican party has been wiped, he says, to allow itself to be the Democratic party's budget balloons. The Democrats get credit for spending but who gets credit for saving?

He blames his party, also. "For not coming to grips with the social welfare fabric, the safety net. As a conservative, I realize that in a free society, you have to have some protection for those who cannot compete."

Unlike many of his colleagues, he is not fighting the New Deal. "The New Deal is there. It is in place. The question is when do you get them there. I want to save Social Security, not to say it isn't but by expanding the payroll base."

The speech has been. The audience is enthusiastic. As the crowd files out of the room, a member of the audience is casually asked what he thinks of Jack Kemp.

"Yeah, he's got it," replies Kenneth Carpenter, of Deer Park, Texas.

What of the future?

"I've been doing a good job, and something will open up," Kemp says. "Something has always opened up. When I get traded from San Diego, I want to Buffalo, and I had my family in San Diego. But it proved to be a blessing."

The Senate race looms in California. "I've always wanted to be in the Senate," Kemp says. "That was the original proposition. This is all predicated upon the fact that Justin might very well retire. If he does again, I don't know."

David Keating, a political consultant who specializes in conservative Republican, states the conventional wisdom: "Jack Kemp would be a good senator. You've got to see."

Womack, Kristol, and Frank Schaefer, another advisor all think that there is a presidential candidate. "The Republican party is tired of the prospect of another Ford-Kemp contest," Kristol says. "It's looking for a new face. Of all the second generation Republicans now being considered, Jack is best able to communicate with the American people."

"Working on decent is not how strong a candidate have in part because they can't take a House member seriously in part because he's a jack. Kristol continues: "But Washington is always the last to know."

Herb Stein disagrees. "He's got a lot of time ahead to move in that kind of picture." Klein says "I look at him more as a possible senatorial candidate."

Meanwhile Jack Kemp is on the road, traveling from state to state. And eager to find more, reception to reception, exchanging his audience to keep aware of their identity in their own pockets, arguing that the nation's economy will quickly benefit from tax cuts.

"I'm trying to advance an idea," he says. "There is a moment when I don't think it's a man for the Senate to have a national issue, a national issue."

The young congressman reflects for a few moments, and

seems lost in thought. "You know, sometimes you dream of something higher." ■



Detail of apothecary at Sherburne's Parlor House

Great New England Inns

by Stephen Birnbaum

This is prime time for America's leaf peepers, those foliage fanatics who annually clamber over New England's most colorful hills and hollows and who live for the weeks when the resident sugar maples do their deciduous best to cover the local landscape in brilliant reds and golds. And when trekking through the trees is done, nothing's like loafing beside a roaring fire at an historic inn. So here's a dozen of New England's best, where hospitality, fine food, and snugg accommodations are a constant.

Inn at Shaker Mill Farm

Canaan, New York

When innkeeper Ingram Papenoy acquired this old (1824) and abandoned mill, it had neither bedrooms nor public rooms and was, surely, in need of an expert carpenter. But the structure, set beside a hilly waterfalls so tempting to discover that he set up his own wood shop and began its careful conversion from mill to inn.

The rooms reflect the austere Shaker tradition, with no frills though with a hint of comfort. A somewhat rustic room, it echoes only the old Shaker tradition of sobriety.

The dining room is called The Good Room, a reference to the Shaker expression for a hearty meal; the main focus for much household activity.

Though not strictly in New England, the Canaan, New York, address is less than five miles from the Massachusetts border.

Stephen Birnbaum is the travel editor of *Esquire* magazine.

border. The setting in the foothills of the Adirondacks offers perfect privacy, and it's not unusual to have a modest ecological excursion from the specimen that have been set in the surrounding trees.

Guests can easily include a group of ecologists, gathered to search for some obscure genus of mushroom, or a ecological band of UN staff employees. This is a woodland escape of the present sort, though the easy relationship with other guests evokes an echo of the basic Shaker communal heritage.

Fitzwilliam Inn

Fitzwilliam, New Hampshire

The "Ruler of the House" provide an accurate insight into what you're likely to find. "This is a New England country inn, in the heart of a New England country village, and we have some customs that may seem strange to you. Please try to understand our ways and abide by our requests."

If this seems slightly whimsical, rule number one sets any fears aside. "We have no room keys to give you—everyone trusts everyone else in the country. However, we do lock the outside doors early. If you're going to be out, please pick up a house key at the desk."

The innkeeper is shy about answering the door in his pajamas.

Innkeeper Charles Wallace has been quoted as saying that when a prospective guest asks if his rooms have phones and television sets, he politely refers them to "the nice motel just down the road." Modern conveniences are nonexistent in this wooden hostelry that dates from 1796, and the outside world is kept at bay.

But my favorite aspect of this inn is the rules that appear over one of the inn's seven fireplaces. It follows in its entirety, and Mr. Wallace promises to translate it for you upon arrival.

If the B is in put

If the B is put in

Don't put over a

Don't be on "it"

The Old Tavern

Grafton, Vermont

Grafton, Vermont, is one of America's least known restaurants, yet it is one of the most beautiful. The Windham Foundation has restored twenty-two major buildings to date within the village lanes, often early turning over such reconstructed buildings to local residence or occupation.

Visit continues on page 78

Photographs by Rachel Burdette



Scenes at Walsdale Inn depict eighteenth-century life

Walsdale Inn's antiques and colonial decor inspired Longfellow to pen verses to "the splendor of its rustic glow."



From Shaker Simplicity to Italian Grandeur,



The Inn at the Shaker Mill Farm, Canton, New York (509) 558-7945. *Italian Property, innkeeper. Twelve rooms, ten with private bath. Weekend rate (two nights/two days) \$75 per person (single or double occupancy). Includes meals and afternoon tea. Sunday brunch. Sunday night, \$15 extra.*



The Old Tavern Grange, Vermont (504) 862-2172. *Leo Copping, innkeeper. Thirty-five rooms, all with private bath, cost \$26 to \$35 per room, single or double occupancy. There are also four surrounding houses available, sleeping seven to nine people, available at \$120 to \$150 per night.*



Forest Cottage House, Newmarket, Massachusetts (617) 546-3600. *Philip Whitney Reed, innkeeper. Forty-two rooms, all with private bath, cost \$40 to \$35 per night, double occupancy, \$25 single occupancy. For outstanding, deluxe accommodations in the twelve-room addition, built in 1964.*



Peverell Inn, Freetown, New Hampshire (603) 581-8008. *Charles and Barbara Wallace, innkeepers. Twenty-two rooms, seven with private bath. Double rooms with private bath cost \$16 to \$20, doubles with shared bath, \$14 to \$16, singles (usually with shared bath) go for \$7 to \$14.*



Four Columns Inn, Newfane, Vermont (504) 882-365-7712. *Rene and Anne Charle, innkeepers. All twelve rooms have private bath, and the price ranges from \$30 to \$45 per room. Dinner served to nonresident guests when space is available but reservations (graciously) will be honored if none are received.*



Wyandott Inn, Sudbury, Massachusetts (617) 461-0540. *Frances J. Koppala, innkeeper. Ten rooms with private bath (eight with hot tubs and two with shower) now for \$25 double occupancy and \$20 single per night. Try the Coast Room cocktail, a lovely blend of rum and ginger bread.*

Here Is the Pick of the New England Crop



Windolph Inn, Lenox, Massachusetts (617) 637-8600. *A. David Wright, innkeeper. Eleven rooms, all with private bath. Weekend rates (including breakfast and dinner) \$33 to \$40 per person, in a night minimum. Weekday rates (including breakfast only) \$17.50 to \$22.50, no minimum stay.*



Poshed House, Sandwich, Massachusetts (508) 417-2313. *Buddy Adler, innkeeper. Twenty-two rooms with private bath, \$32 to \$38 double occupancy, two rooms available \$40 to \$35. Very special dinners are served here during the holidays in style—especially Thanksgiving and Christmas.*



Fern Cloud Inn, New Marlboro, Massachusetts (617) 429-1115. *Therese and Robert Ruff, innkeepers. Nine rooms. Seven with private bath cost \$41 to \$45 per person, per night, two rooms with shared bath, \$36 to \$39 per person. Breakfast and dinner included.*



Inn at Castle Hill, Newport, Rhode Island (609) 880-5400. *Paul McEnroe, innkeeper. Ten rooms. Seven with private bath at \$33, double occupancy. Three with shared bath cost \$28 to double occupancy. One two-room suite is available for \$20 per night. Includes continental breakfast.*



Gravel Hill, Little Compton, Rhode Island (401) 787-5951. *William G. Buxton, innkeeper. Twenty rooms. The suite with private bath cost \$120 per night (single or double), to share with shared bath cost from \$20 to \$32. The Governor Trustfall Inn nearby, for the month of June, for \$24.*



John Hancock Inn, Monck, New Hampshire (603) 625-3128. *Glynis and Pat Wells, innkeepers. Ten rooms, all with private bath, \$19.25 single, \$25.50 double. The Inn's motto: "Food for the Hungry, Drink for the Thirsty, Lodging for the Drunk." They really mean it.*

Looking the Part at the Inn

Country clothes for brisk fall afternoons and warm New England hearthsides

Fashion by Cora Marcus



Above: Cuddling the sun at *Whisper's Inn*, in Lenox, Massachusetts. His racy double-breasted Morris tweed jacket is by Alexander Julian (\$285). Her blue and brown touse match the babydoll crew-neck sweater (\$35) and corduroy pants (\$60). All these items are at *Nronas-Morax*, Dallas; *Bruchez*, Georgetown; *I Magnin*, San Francisco. Her clothes are by *Sol Cossano*.

Right: Both the couple shown here at *The Red Lion Inn*, Stockbridge, Massachusetts, are by *Arthur Richards*. My sport coat (\$358) & girth will with a scarf in matching tweed (\$21), cord pants (\$25), silk collar button-down shirt (\$32.50), at *Saks Fifth Avenue*, New York; *Marshall Field*, Chicago. *Debrah* by *Cole Haase* (\$32), at *Gary's & Co.*, Los Angeles. *Vergano*, New York; *Bruchez*, Georgetown.





Above: Breakfast at Whimsy, Lenox, Massachusetts. The warm nubdy knit sweater by Adolfo is \$75 at Jada Fifth Avenue since Anchorage. Under it, he wears an Arco short (32% off Gimbels). Philadelphia: Auerbach's. Salt Lake City: The Wreck Co., Washington, D.C. Her sweater is by The Arthur Richards Woman. All glasses in these pictures by Cohen & Optica.

Left: Fallows colors inspire these clothes for both him and her by New Men. His jacket is covered with a corduroy collar and a removable lining (\$129). His corduroy pants (\$30) match the jacket's collar. Her warm plaid shirt is \$38, all at Jerry Nugent. Los Angeles: Barney's. New York: Ultras. Chicago: The photograph was taken at The Freshlove Riding Club, near Lenox, Massachusetts.

The inn is at the center of this superb restoration, not only because of its size but also because it is the inn's front door that the horse-and-carriage road for local sight-seeing is pivoted. The Old Tavern dates from 1831, and on the wall below the check-in desk are listed some of the notables who have lodged here, including Raymond Kipling and Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Kipling even contributed a statue over the entranceway.

The restoration of the inn building faithfully included central heating and private baths in every room—not exactly a staple of other hostels of similar vintage. There are three courts outside, and the dining room features such New England specialties as fresh blueberry soup and a spectacular pumpkin bread.

The surrounding area includes some of Vermont's most beautiful scenery, and the approach to the village from the north includes some of Vermont's best-graveled covered bridges and the charming Grafton Village Cheese Company.

Four Columns Inn

Needham, Vermont

Overcast Champlain River Chondron goes upon Champlain. France, while his wife, Anne, comes by her Gothic antecedents through French Canada. They now continue to provide visitors with the most elegant haute cuisine in New England, highlighted by freshly caught rainbow trout that guest dines from their single trout set beside the dining room doorway.

The inn is set in the very center of a particularly picturesque town, "beloved the countryside and next to the church" is Mrs. Chondron dedicated to its respective guests. The Green Mountains have a perfect frame around the colored village, and it is in these hills that guests work up the appetites that will be so wonderfully satisfied in the elegant country dining room.

Rooms are simple, and the furnishings are comfortably unassuming. No room is identical to any other, and each has its own special character. Beds and chairs are the products of years of combining local ideas and modern innovations, and the result is a decor that perfectly mirrors the ambience of the region.

But it's not the rooms or its filled hills that mainly make us people to find this obscure corner of rural Vermont, it's the impeccable table that's set at every meal and the true gastronomic joy that each meal brings.

Jared Coffin House

Nantucket, Massachusetts

Though the local gas lamps have recently been converted to electricity, they still cast a very flattering, old-fashioned glow on the inn's 1843 brick facade. The



When the Jared Coffin House was originally restored by the Nantucket Historical Trust in 1961, it was in now-one of the focal points of the town's old historic district.

building was originally restored by The Nantucket Historical Trust in 1961, and it is now one of the focal points of the town's old historic district. The table inn operations currently boasts forty-six rooms in five buildings. The original structure dates from 1845 and includes nine rooms furnished in period furniture and fabrics woven right there on Nantucket Island. A more modern (1957) addition has a dining room, kitchen, and antique bookstore. But there's still another stretched building, dating from the eighteenth century, that has only three rooms. These are each furnished with double beds, a set covered with covered covers and matching crewel drapes. The public south farm-ings include a generous quota of genuine Chippendale and Sheraton, with a few American Federal pieces highlighted in the library.

Much of the inn's New England cuisine is devoted to seafood, and one of its best known specialties is the cedar made from the huge quahog. There is also a fresh punch dance that uses as its base a homemade syrup made by the innkeeper's mother-in-law.

Wayside Inn

Seabury, Massachusetts

Originally known as the Red Horse Tavern, the inn changed its name in 1861 to better link it to the famed Longfellow created for in his *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. When the original building (which dates from 1702) was almost completely destroyed by fire in 1955, it was meticulously rebuilt, and the superb restoration includes a number of glassed-in rooms that accurately reflect the inn's accommodations of two centuries ago.

The 3,000 series of surrounding farm-land were purchased by Henry Ford in the 1920s to create a far larger historic community. Adjacent buildings now include the schoolhouse on which "Merry Old Little Larch" was modeled and a mill that still grinds all the flour for the inn's kitchen. The Room, now known as the Longfellow Parlor, appears today much as the poet himself described it.

*The festive standing over all
The splendor of its radiance glow
Filled the whole parlor large and low*

The food is sturdy New England fare with especially tasty baked goods. But it would be a mistake to stay indoors too long, for space, as seen through Longfellow's eyes, the warm riding area in a small New England jewel.

*A region of repair it seems,
A place of slaughter and of dream
Remains among the wooded hills*

Wheatleigh Inn

Lenox, Massachusetts

The very word "inn" evokes a fixed image: white clapboard siding, dark shutters, and a strong colonial feel. Since Wheatleigh offers some of the best it can logically be asked what it's doing on this list.

The answer is that it is the most opulent of New England's inns, a history that was designed to replace a private house built of seventeenth-century Blenheim. The main hall fireplace is the elegant entrance hall is the size of a modern motel room, and the grand staircase provides an elegant counterpoint.

The nearby town of Stockbridge is indeed not only the largest in Berkshire, but also the largest in original parts (as the Old Corner House). Even now, the town's main street is the original street for every colonial thoroughfare that Hollywood ever created, and it walks from one end to the other to its own time in the very best of our colonial legacy.

Wheatleigh has its own seven-cent, a swimming pool for summertime (when the inn is not in season), and a large indoor pool with a hot tub. The inn is for pampering of an elegant sort; one comes to Wheatleigh. The inn is the opportunity to enjoy the most best thing to have been born here—the ability to live as though you had been.

The Inn at Castle Hill

Newport, Rhode Island

The three-story Victorian mansion is set on thirty-two acres of land—looking out at Newport Harbor and Narragansett Bay—and the idea is to preserve one of the few rooms in the remaining old building

IT TOOK A WINE MERCHANT TO BLEND A SCOTCH THIS PLEASING TO THE PALATE.

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CUTTY SARK

richer than in the more modern model cottages. The views from the inn proper are matched only by the best of original furnishings and rich wood paneling that are the legacy of an earlier age.

Full-fledged dining fires to take the chill off the ocean breezes, and there is no better conclusion to a walk along this historical coastline. Sound effects usually combine the clanging of offshore boats with the creak of gulls sailing in the clean salt air.

Thorton Wilder thought of the seasonal room in the turret above the main floors as a magical place and described it as such in *Thorpiana North*. Much of that magic comes from the attention to guest care and the canonic atmosphere provided by innkeeper Paul McNamee, whose attitude toward welcoming seems a natural extension of that general idea.

The local waters yield gobs of fresh clams and lobsters for the inn's cooking pots. Not in general, the on-site ovens to a more elegant preparation of New England-influenced continental fare. Ingredients are fresh, preparation is careful, and the delicious result is served with typical Newport style.

The Publick House

Starbridge, Massachusetts

Tradition is supreme in this venerable recreation of eighteenth-century tavern life. For instance, arriving visitors on water weekend package trips are immediately escorted into joining the colonial spirit in a collection called *sybilism*—a lovely shenanigan made up of cream and Chablis wine—accompanied by guest ginger cookies called *Joe Fringers*.

Breakfast features such unusual items as hot fried cornmeal mush (it doesn't sound like much, but don't let the name discourage you) and hot deep-fried apple. If you get lucky, there may even be some honey that's been factory sealed as the authentic cow-heads' manner. Light snacks like onion stacks (fresh roasted chorizo hot buttered rolls, cold fish cakes, corned scallops, hard local cheddar cheese, or perhaps a bowl of steaming chowder).

Exploring this area should include a visit to Old Starbridge Village, the Northeast's answer to Williamsburg. There it's back to the Publick House, which opened as one of this not-yet-quite-a-century's finest restaurants in 1771 and where today's striding searchlight is a wonderful—and perhaps even authentic—view of what we like to believe our forefathers.

If the Publick House itself is full—as it often is—look into the nearby Colonial Thresher Crafts Inn that's also run by the Publick House.



The Flying Cloud Inn is a historic place.

Griswold Inn

East, Connecticut

The "Gris" series as a particularly pleasant point of call for visitors who venture up the Connecticut River and tie up just a few steps from the inn's front door. Landholders who arrive by car are no less welcome and are immediately welcomed in the friendly spirit conveyed up by the warmth generated by the perfectly stove or the logs crackling in the fireplace.

The furnishings have any a legitimate highlight including historic ethnography. The collection end of the main entrance, as the country, mountain style, a stable collection of historic firearms, a substantial number of ships' maps, globes, and a fine collection of natural oils by American brocade.

The beds are mostly brass, and the welcoming atmosphere is heightened still further by the up-front condition that certain rooms long ago developed a part of the inn's history. But there's nothing too busy and few New England food more to compensate for the absence of punch pots.

Sunday is a special eating day featuring a kind of buffet brunch that's described in the inn's propaganda brochure as a "Breakfast." (Yes, inside, the all-you-can-eat growing board actually seems ready to buckle under everything from eggs and bacon to omelette and lamb chops.)

The Top Room is immediately described as the most handsome barroom in America, and the description is almost deserved. No televisions or telephones are allowed to intrude on the rural privacy, and it is only recently that a room clerk began to run the front desk.

The Flying Cloud Inn

New Marlboro, Massachusetts

The road to the Flying Cloud is over a river and through some woods to a house that might have belonged to your grandfather if he happened to live on a hill in northwestern Massachusetts.

The inn building was once the main house of a working farm, and its history is copiously recorded in a scrapbook in the inn's living room. Although it became an inn only as recently as 1946, the ceiling looks still hold flying birds, and the family atmosphere is still very much as it must have been when the resident farm family gathered together.

There are two tennis courts (one red clay and one all-weather), and the food is very first-rate. Owner David Schwartz has a fondness for wines, and he often guests a far more sophisticated selection than is normally found in a country inn.

Located far from any intrusive vestiges of the real world, this feeling of being removed from society is much of the inn's allure. The fact that so many of its guests come back season after season speaks to the feeling of returning to the home of a cherished friend rather than to some impersonal shopping place.

The John Hancock Inn

Hampden, New Hampshire

Innkeepers Glenn and Pat Wells concede that John Hancock himself never slept here or even stopped for a short stay of sleep on his wandering while seeking the best land for his settlement in the New World. But the inn still boasts that its 1789 opening makes it the oldest operating inn in New Hampshire.

The inn is located in the Manchester region of New Hampshire, which has been described as "the Center and true corner of the Granite State." The Revolutionary War atmosphere is accentuated by the colonial-style, long-slanted corners worn by the dining room waitresses, and the red mink ranges from such exotic fare as a short-fused seafood casserole to the more traditional stabs of rare roast beef served with freshly-baked popovers.

Above the dining room and long bar are small, quiet rooms, including one (number 22) where four walls are covered by maps by the famous, famous progressive painter, Rufus Porter. This room is said to have once been part of a grand, second-floor ballroom that was converted into several bedrooms over the years. Maritime painting is your particular theme, but the inn is only the proper room number. The only other remnant of Porter's work is a curiosity found inside the closet of one of the other rooms down the hall—

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At a blindfold taste test in New York, five experts tasted a new wine from Europe.

For people as jaded by wine tasting as they were, responses were astonishing.

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"At least \$5."
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What they were tasting was Marques de Caceres, a wine with an unusual history.

Its maker is Henri Forner, an owner of two of the finest vineyards of the Haut-Medoc—Chateau de Camensac and Chateau LaRose Trinitaumont.

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new oak barrels to age the wine the way it was done in Bordeaux.

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people who rarely agree on anything, were united in one opinion.

That, at a price under \$3.50 a bottle, Marques de Caceres is perhaps the finest red wine value obtainable in the United States.

Photograph by Christopher Penn, Photo Credits: Photo Credits



Marques de Caceres

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Massage: How to Give A Really Good One

Become a do-it-yourself expert, and you'll be making two people happy

by Michelle Arnot

Tension, that insidious fact of modern life, is making us miserable. The time has come to take matters into our own hands.

"People shouldn't live in pain unless they want to," says Joan Wilkowski, a massage therapist who massages away the aches of a multitude of New Yorkers. "In some degree, we all live in discomfort. Sprains occur suddenly, but the problems have been building up for years. We must pay attention to our bodies. Massage can provide the relief we need."

Besides easing that ephemerally itchy feeling, massage improves blood circulation and soothes the nerves. Regular massages will increase muscle tone as well. The psychological benefits can be dramatic. And since physical tension is a

Michelle Arnot, who writes on health topics, is working on *The Good Foot Book*.



Massage Joan Wilkowski, who is ready to go to work. Her unique formula combines Swedish and Oriental techniques.

result of emotional stress, you and your spouse can help each other relieve stored tensions while discovering your own tension centers. The art of true massage, not to be confused with the questionable activity advertised at certain parlors, is a means of getting in touch with yourself while drawing closer to your mate.

Since our muscles are usually in a state of contraction, we have grown accustomed to stopped positions and aching bodies without ever hoping to alleviate the situation. "It's okay to be nervous or anxious," admits Joan. "Since the body is so closely tied to the emotions, we just can't ignore what goes on. But we can take charge. It's just a matter of body maintenance and knowing how to help yourself. If you follow her ten key steps for a satisfying massage (illustrated below and on the following pages), you and your partner should soon gain the upper hand in soothing tensions."

Ten Steps to Make You an Expert



1 Back: Begin with the back, a classic tension center. Massage thoroughly to reach the central nervous system and increase circulation. Lean one hand on either side of spine above the hipbone. Exert pressure only on the way up. Fan across shoulders, pinning pressure, then release and slide your hands down lightly.



2 Arms: Place one finger on either side of spine and work lightly toward shoulders. Then exert pressure as you massage downward. Ask for feedback from the person you are massaging and pay attention to facial expressions and involuntary body responses that indicate pain. Work from top to bottom to keep muscles properly aligned.

Photographs by Carl Fischer

OCTOBER 24 1976/ESQUIRE 81



4 NECK: Knead the neck in rhythmic fashion, alternating hands in a circle motion working from the base of the skull downward. It is important to hold the neck firmly and include all the skin and muscles to ensure proper relaxation. Keep in mind that while too much pressure may be harmful, too little may only prove anything.

3 SHOULDERS: Move the hands to the top of the shoulders and circle the entire area around the shoulder blade, or scapula. Avoid the armpit. As with all movements in a properly administered massage, begin gently and gradually work to a deeper level. The key to a successful massage is to alternate each deep movement with a softer one.



5 LOWER BACK: Circle the squares between the hips and rib cage with open palms. Exert pressure with an upward stroke, relaxing as you move down. Be careful not to let the spine and never use heavy pressure or percussive movements on the kidneys. Use the pads of your thumbs gradually and knead gently for deeper pressure.



6 UPPER BACK: Using the same alternating hand method as on the neck, knead upward (the upper fibers of the muscle between the shoulder and the neck) thoroughly. As the muscles loosen, use pads of thumbs for deeper massage. The degree of pressure depends upon the person being massaged. Tolerance builds with frequency.



8 HEAD: The person on the table must lie face down with hands beneath the forehead. Long hair should be pulled out of the way. Concentrate on the occipital region at the base of the skull near the hairline, a bony, ground for tension. Press thumbs against the head and move them in a circular pattern, gradually increasing pressure.

7 WAIST STRETCH: The stretch concentrates on loosening the lower back. Crossing your heels, slide in opposite directions toward the bottom of the spine to the hip socket and up to the rib cage. Exert equal pressure with both hands. Always be careful not to let the spine. This movement relaxes the lower body away from the upper.



9 UPPER THIGH: The alternate head movement is repeated on the thigh. Avoid sensitive area of the groin. Slide hands down the side of the thigh, exerting light pressure. Use body oil generously in this area, since there is greater absorbency due to body hair. Concentrate on the central area of the thigh muscle as you knead.

10 CALF: Hold up the leg to allow the calf to relax in your hand. Pull down with the thumb along the calf, replace leg on the table. Open your fingers and massage with equal pressure up and down the length of the calf. Again, lubricate the leg sufficiently. As a final step, return to whatever movement your partner finds most enjoyable.



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King "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

PROFESSIONALS CLAIM MASSAGE IS REALLY 'MANIPULATIVE MEDICINE'

Massage, a luxury in Greco-Roman times, can even be traced to ancient Hindu and Chinese writings. Somewhere, rubbing and kneading is a natural and timeless response that gets positive results. Both Wilkowski experienced with several established massage techniques before she settled on her own program of neuromassage.

Her career as a therapist began when she was acting in a small New York City theater group several years ago. Stage warm-ups revealed the knotted muscles that characterize modern postures. After workshop training sessions, she gave several massages to wracked members of the troupe. Gradually her natural talent, and soon became a professional muscle therapist.

The two schools of massage most accessible to her at the outset of her studies were Swedish Massage and Shiatsu massage. Shiatsu, a Japanese technique, is based on the acupuncture principle of meridians. The body is divided into fourteen segments, each containing a pressure point (that) by pressing your fingers on these points, it is claimed, damped up energy is released and the body is returned to a state of well-being. Literally, shiatsu translates as "finger pressure." Watsu, a technique developed by the Shizuka Education Center in New York, feels that this type of massage is "permeative medicine."

We believe that the worst doctor can deal with symptoms, the better doctor can prevent them. The other man credited in Watsu's technique is Swedish massage, a century-old procedure that stresses improving circulation throughout the muscles and the nervous system by manipulation. In both, we are acknowledged by many doctors, and the Swedish Institute of New York expects accreditation next year to avoid college degrees. Sidney Ziegler, head of the acupuncture school, says a new massage clinic soon. "Feelings about massage are changing, and we had to expand to accommo-

Attaining a state of relaxation doesn't require a complicated formula. The golden rule is, "What feels good to you will feel just as good to someone else."



The bath towel of the trade is simply NIVEA, and experts advise to use it as a general supply of any natural-based oil.

date the demand," he says. "A massage is not when massage will be known as 'manipulative medicine' and more people will accept it as a viable alternative to going to the doctor. After studying the different methods closely and working with masters of other branches of massage, I am settled on my own technique. The problem is a 'harder' touch in order to reach tension centers more effectively. Ultimately she views massage as a healing process. "I love my work," she says. "When my clients ask how I refer to them I say that I think of them as my friends. It's wonderful to spend my days caring for my friends."

Learning to give a massage is easier than you think. First of all, as Joan points out, "What feels good to you will feel just as good to someone else. People want a complicated formula. But relaxation doesn't work that way."

The setting should be simple, a warm room, a comfortable table, a bottle of Nivea, the proper towel, and then. (As a matter of fact, any natural oil will do the job—some people prefer coconut oil, peanut oil, even salad oil.) In order to give a thorough massage, you must stand over your patient in order to apply your body weight. A massage table is indispensable if you want to do it properly. They cost between \$75 and \$125. Massage someone on a bed, although enjoyable, is simply not as effective—all you will be giving is an elementary back rub, not a real massage.

The basic movements are sensible and depend upon the strength in your hands as well as the passiveness of the patient on the table. The Swedish uses five movements, which Joan has incorporated into her expertise. Effleurage is a long rhythmic stroke

applied with varying pressure. The skin will naturally rise in temperature as a result of the massaging, and more oil will have to be applied during the treatment. Permeation, or kneading, is also done in a rhythmic manner. Small circular movements generally applied around the joints are known as friction. Tapotome is a percussive movement, and vibration, a trembling gesture, range infinitely according to the situation.

Massaging your neck will be a rewarding experience as long as you are aware of the limits of its therapeutic usefulness. Neuromassage should be cautious about applying massage to severe muscle spasms, contraindications that can cause muscles to lock up as hard as we have.

Should spasms occur, the neck should only be rubbed on ice or on radiant heat for the first day or so, depending on personal preference. If you use ice apply for twenty minutes every two hours. Once the crisis has abated, work the area very gently to loosen muscles, being careful not to aggravate the problem. Indeed, it is possible to Nivea in this case, since it is absorbed more deeply. As long as there are no signs of fever or inflammation, it is all right to massage the afflicted area, but these symptoms may indicate internal disorder such as a broken bone or infection. An untreated person should not attempt to treat severe disorders such as tendonitis or bursitis. And under no circumstances should a sensitive use massage on varicose veins or on the abdomen of a pregnant woman. After experimenting with different movements and pressures, you and your mate will come to know these best suited to your needs and will want to add your own variations.

If you're not getting nibbled the wrong way, you may well become addicted. Joan finds that her customers come back among her clients. "I have to think twice," she reports. "But it's always nice to come back. It's great to feel needed. Or kneaded." H

East Is East and

by David Freeman

The majority of the country, silent or vocal, doesn't live in New York or Los Angeles. However, the majority of the country seems to spend a lot of time discussing living in New York or Los Angeles. Therefore, and herewith, a guide to some of the significant differences, both intellectual and corporal, from one who has lived too long, if not wisely, in both towns.

Newspaper Acquisition

L.A.: You buy from a machine. There are frequently as many as twelve of them on a line. They sell the L.A. Times, its competitor, the *World Examiner*, the *Times* (two or three hangovers), show, boy papers—maybe that's why they're called The *Times*—and an astonishing string of tabloids devoted to what 90 percent of the world might charitably describe as deviant sexual practices.

Everyone knows paper is destined to die, but it won't. They'll steal your change and soap at your fingers. Of course, if you get one open and so are a fooling, ponies like an extra. The flunkies, the one I read, seem devoted to pages of advertisements for discount druggists. If you read the L.A. Times, you will probably conclude that the economy of southern California is both on ice and on Q-Tips.

N.Y.: You buy your papers from an established person in a little newsstand on the corner. He always has a superb money-slip N.Y. agent, and he always calls you Mac, even if your name is Caroline.

The Times of N.Y. certainly has a lot of news, but it also has a great many ads for prosperously expensive garments, each of which is clearly described in a model-empire detail. A regular reading of the Times would lead one to assume that N.Y.'s economy is built on clothes and advertisements, and perhaps vice versa.

Saying Hi with Your Mouth Shut

L.A.: Because you spend forever and there's no way to get a new game but to

David Freeman is a "fly-over person" who writes plays in N.Y. and movies in L.A.

volunteer. You make film-still eye contact with other drivers through your rearview mirror. A lot of passive flirting goes on this way. Group flirting especially occurs, since as you're examining The Other, you're likely to be inspected by the person in front of you. Most people do this and pretend they're not. A few smile or wink. It's okay to make an overt gesture to anyone in a car like yours. That is, it's good form for the driver of a late Datsun to wave to the driver of an earlier late Datsun. In fact, Porsche drivers blink their lights at one another all the time.

N.Y.: This behavior puzzles L.A. cleaner department. Instead of similar cars, road is similar clothes.

N.Y.: There are elevators in L.A. of course (three or four downtown, maybe one in Hollywood, one in the Valley), but everyone is so surprised to be on them that their behavior is more appropriate to an amusement park ride.

Getting Votes

N.Y.: It's called pressing the flesh. The would-be officeholder stands at a subway station or in front of Macy's, pumping hands and saying something like "Hi, I'm so-and-so, and I'd like to be your congressman." Then an assistant or an advance person hands out leaflets and buttons.

L.A.: It's called slapping an. The would-be GH stands at a busy intersection, say in front of the Beverly Hills Hotel, waving to the cars as they zip by. When they slow down, he or she taps the fender in a cordially way. The advance person stands behind holding a sign that says something like "Meet so-and-so, your next congressman" and pointing at the would-be office official.

The Racism Is to the Swift, or Whoever Wants It

In N.Y., where people are afraid of light brown skin. The folks of that hue are politely called Hispanics, which is a word used to mean what you mean is Puerto Rican. Recently when calling people from Puerto Rico, Puerto Ricans became bad form as best in the minds of history. If several young Hispanic men are walking toward a white liberal, the WL will cross



the Rest Is West

the street, clenching jaws or wailing, even if the Hispanics are looking for the subway. The white liberals don't like to acknowledge this, and I suppose it doesn't make the Hispanics happy either, but then you see.

In L.A., the equivalent folk are mostly from Mexico and South America. The vast majority of them seem to be here illegally, which tends to keep people in their place if you define "in their place" as under your thumb. Mostly they try to be polite and hope you won't turn them down. This tends to take any excessive machismo out of their public displays. It's a sad state of events and most local Anglos grow up thinking of them as a childlike people who like to play dominoes and do floors. When this in Anglos go to N.Y., they tend to be surprised.

Restaurants, or Rarely East of Ma Maison and Never North of Elaine's

There are fewer restaurants in L.A. than in N.Y. (There are fewer restaurants anywhere than in N.Y.) The menus on the West Coast tend to be similar and over-written in the manner of the suburbs of the Midwest. Unlike its neighbors, an attempt to describe lunch here. The food itself is frequently meant to be beautiful, but means not much real meat (if you order a blue steak, go to see what would happen, a lot of apricots, and orange juice. A valid order might be "I'll have the cup of honey and a raw onion, please." The standard waitress reply is "Have a nice day. Eventually you get your food, as for the day, it's up to you."

In N.Y., where there are a lot of restaurants of many ethnic stripes, menus tend to be in foreign languages. It used to be considered contemptuous to know the difference between real picnics and real meals. These days, that's just not enough. A working knowledge of the Hange dialect and upper-class Indian are essential to order a lunch.

Since a lot of both towns is built on flyover, the terminology of the trade often gets confused and flyover flies from coast to coast. Come to think of it, that's not too bad, but gets confused from flyover coast to coast. For a while, TV audiences referred to the population of the country as "the fly-over people" because the only contact

each town had with there was to fly over them. Here are a few more.

Projects

L.A.: A "project" is a lot of talk about a would-be movie or TV show that is more than likely not going to get made.
N.Y.: A "project" is where poor people live. Architects are hard at work making them more pleasant. Perhaps the architecture will take a look at TV.

Can

L.A.: "In the can" means you've finally finished the damn thing.
N.Y.: "In the can" means you're finally finished with the damn thing.

Gross

N.Y.: Ugh.
L.A.: How much money your movie has made.

Development

N.Y.: A suburb.
L.A.: An elaborate way to finance the writing of a script.

Wraps

N.Y.: "It's a wrap" is under the table.
L.A.: "It's a wrap" means something is finished.

Doctor

N.Y.: A doctor is a doctor, that is, someone with whom it's hard to get an appointment.
L.A.: Describing a film as a "doctor" in which one writer of dialogue is paid an astronomer can to alter the work of another and then frequently is ordered by his union to clean his boots.

Producer

N.Y.: A person who produces things—plays, films, rabbits from hats.
L.A.: Anybody who looks like a writer. H

THE QUARTERBACK SPEAKS TO HIS GOD

The Last Great Work of an Insufficiently Celebrated Writer

For nearly twenty years, Herbert Wilner devoted himself to the writing program at San Francisco State College in his memory of the famous 1961 strike there, he said of himself. "Others considered me a professor who wrote; I thought of myself as a writer who taught." Yet he never blamed his academic duties for the comparatively small amount of fiction he published—a novel, *All the Little Rivers*, and a short story collection, *Devoted as the Whirlwind*. The stories in this collection had an excellence—and a reputation in literary circles—that made no apology necessary.

He had begun life as a Brooklynite, Jewish and athletic, he had been quarterback of the Brooklyn College team "Football," he once wrote, "is

a remarkable American violence. You can't play it without physical rage, nor can you play it well without removing most of the emotion from the man." He was a physical man, but he'd also killed him as he was about to fulfill his literary talent, and he died on May 6, 1977, fifty-one years of age.

His friend and colleague, the author Leo Litwak, wrote of Wilner's final years: "In 1963 a growth was removed from his chest and the chest was irradiated. It seemed for a while that he had come through, but hairs and lungs were fatally scarred. Bands of scar tissue constricted his heart. His breath shortened. He usually coughed to release his voice. He had difficulty walking upstairs. He made his growing disability his final subject. He became a different

kind of quarterback, mastering his forces as new terrain.

His subject was grace, grace and duty. He was over his first collection of short stories, hoping to knit them into a unified fabric. He hoped he would gain time from an operation designed to free his heart and restore his voice. He died within an hour after the operation. I have read his manuscript, *The Quarterback Speaks to His God*. I think with his last breath he created a masterpiece and that it will redeem his work from unremembered neglect, and that is a gift he left for all of us.

A shortened version of the title story of this work begins on the next page. Considering the circumstances of its writing, it shows an extraordinary capacity to separate the emotion from the rage.



A Short Story by Herbert Wilner

Illustration by Martin Melnikov



Bobby Kruff, the hero, old pro, lies on his bed in the grip of excruciating refluxing heartburn. Sometimes he tells his doctor your pills beat my ass, and the doctor says it still Kruff's choice: medicine or open heart surgery. Kruff shuts up.

He was 15 five years out of pre football, retired at thirty as after fourteen years, when he got the rare viral heart infection. Whatever they were, the damn things ate through his heart like termites, leaving him with pericarditis, valve dysfunction, murmurs, arrhythmias and finally, congestive failure. The physiology has been explained to him, but he prefers not to understand it. Frustrated at the past by his strained ligaments, agonized ankles, torn cartilage, tendinitis, he now feels betrayed by his heart's disease.

"You want to hear it?" Dr. Felton once asked, offering the experiences of the stethoscope.

Kruff recoiled.

"You don't want to hear the sound of your own heart?"

Sitting on the examining table, Kruff was on full in the short doctor, whose muscular build a crooked neck.

"Why should I?" Kruff said. "Would you smile in the mirror after your teeth got knocked out?"

This morning in bed as with almost every three-houring of the past two years, Kruff begins to endure the rheumatoid power of his drugs. He takes diuretics, Eoborn, or Lasix, or Dyazide, or combinations. They make him gassy and flat, relieving for a day or two the moist effects of the congestive fluids that swamp his lungs and put life's chest beat the wheezing dampen potassium, an unfortunate consequence. The diuretics cramp his muscles, give him headaches, sometimes trigger arrhythmias. They always drive him into depression as deep as comas. He blames himself.

It has nothing to do with will power," Dr. Felton explained. "If you run five miles in Death Valley in August, you'll get about the same results as you do from a very successful diuretic."

To replenish some of his losses, Kruff

stuffs himself with buns, drinks orange juice by the pint, and takes two tablespoons a day of potassium chloride tablets. To prevent and arrest the arrhythmias, he takes quinidine eight pills a day, 200 mg per pill. To strengthen the enlarged and weakened muscles of his heart wall, he takes digoxin. Together they make him nauseous, gassy, and distressed. He takes anti-nausea pills and chews aspirin as though they were Life Savers. Sometimes he takes Valium to fall asleep. If one doesn't work, he takes two.

"I can't believe it's me," he protests to his wife, ERI. "I never took pills. It wouldn't even touch aspirin. There were pills—no cells, aspirin tablets. Nevertheless, I wouldn't touch anything. Now look at me. I'm living in a doghouse."

His blurred eyes sweep the squads of large and small dark labeled bottles stacked on his chest of drawers. His wife offers little sympathy.

"Again and again, the same thing with you," she'll answer in her German accent. "So go have the surgery already, you coward!"

Coward? How? Bobby Kruff?

"I have to keep recommending against surgery," said Dr. Felton, named by the town physician as the best cardiologist in the city for Kruff's problems. "I'm not certain it can provide the help worth the risk. Meanwhile, as my time. Every month these horrible symptoms get better at their work. Our equipment for telling us precisely what's wrong with your heart gets better. In the meantime, since you don't mind to work for a living, wait it out. Sit in the sun. Rest. Watch television. Talk about the old games. Wait."

What does coward have to do with it?

This morning, in his bed, three hours after the double dose of Lasix with a Dyazide thrown in, Kruff has been to the toilet bowl fourteen times. His breathing is easier, his pain is reduced, and now he has to survive the physicians of his good results.

He's dry as a bone, exhausted and has a headache. The base of his skull feels tickled. The muscles of his neck are stretched and pulled, as if they'd been wound on a spindle. His hips ache. So do his shoulder joints. His calves are heavy. They're tightening into cramps. His ankles feel as though tissue is dissolving in them. Fingers of tiny, small crystals, crawling gradually by bumping each other in slight, swirling collisions before they dissolve altogether in a bath of uric acid. His ankles feel aches.

He's cold. Under the turned up electric blanket, he has chills. His heart beats weakly.

He wants to stay awake, but he can't help sleeping. By the sixth of his returns from the bowl, he was collapsing into the bed. Puffing sleep was more like fainting, his joints under, his last force surgery, some imperfect form of death. He needs

to stay awake. His wife is left behind for proving himself, but his will is lost by the depression he can't control.

By tomorrow he'll be mostly out of bed. He'll have reduced the Lasix to one pill, no Dyazide, no potassium pills, and by the day after, with back pains against his ribs in his food, he'll have balanced out. He'll sit on the deck in his shorts when the sun wants to burn a little at noon. He'll squeeze the rubber ball in his right hand. He'll take a shower afterwards and of himself down to rub the flaking off. He'll look at himself in the full-length mirror and stare at the part of his chest where the taped heart is supposed to be. He'll see little difference from what he saw five years ago when he was still playing. The shoulders sloping and wide, a little less full but not bony, the chest a little less deep but still broad and tapered, the right arm still flat-muscled and whip-lashing, same as it was ten years ago when he could throw a football sixty yards with better than fair accuracy. When he'll see in the mirror can indicate less.

He once got angry enough to put on his sweat suit, so through the gate at the back fence and start to run in the four-wide level dirt beside the creek bed in the shade of the banals. After five cautious strides, he leapt into ten hard ones. Then he was on his knees gasping for air, his heart arrhythmic, his throat constricted. He couldn't move for five minutes. By the next day he'd gained six pounds. He told ERI what he'd done.

"Ambeche!" she called the doctor. Kruff, his ankles swollen, was into heart failure. It was tough and go about tending him to the hospital for numerous dietetics and relief oxygen.

It took a month to recover, he never made another effort to run, but he never even today, that after all this pain and depression, exhaustion and failure, when he balanced out the day after tomorrow and he was on the deck and the sun hit, nothing could keep the impulse out of his legs. He'd want to run. He'd feel the running in his legs. And he'd settle for a few belting house chores, three all day imagine he'd have a go at screwing ERI. But at night he didn't sleep.

When she gets home from her day with the nurses, and ERI her Captain on, she throws the dinner together, as which, as always, she peeks like a bird and he shovels what he can, making faces to advertise his mania, rubbing his abdomen to soothe his distress and belching to relieve the gas. After dinner he'll report his day, shooting her combative looks to challenge the banalities gliding her face. They move to the living room. Standing, he lowers over her. He's not four inches and she's five. His hand, large even for his size, would cover the top of

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practices, could get it out there inches ahead of the outstretched arms and have the forward end of the ball, as it was coming down, begin to point up slightly over its spinning axis. That way it fell with almost no weight at all. The striking receiver could pick it up one hand, as if he were snatching a fruit from a tree he ran by. It took Kniff years to get it right and do it in games.



and two strips of tape. The catheter's gone. Kraft sees no sign of it. They wash his arm of blood and get him onto the gurney. He hears someone say "I think we got good results." The older doctor talks Kraft; they'll know some things tomorrow. "It looks good."

Back in his room Bill is waiting for him. He gets into bed, and they leave. She throws herself on him. She's breathless. Her cheeks are streaked, her eyes are red. She's been crying. She's almost crying now.

"I don't want to talk about it now," he says when she begins to speak.

"I don't want to hear it. That's the truth. Listen. I'm going home. Because... it's not good here."

She rushes from the room. He contemplates the increasing pain in his arm. It reaches into his lungs now. He keeps thinking about his heart. They had their black tube in his heart. The sonar catches

On the next day, just before lunch, reading a magazine in the chair in his room, he sees Dr. Gottfried for the first time. With him is his white coat is the gray-haired doctor from the catheterization. Dr. Gottfried is in the short-sleeved green shirt and the green baggy cotton trousers of the operating room. He has scuffed sneakers and the orthopedic—like a stiel and rubber noose—hangs from his neck. He looks tired. He has the sad eyes of a specialist. And yet the man—in build neither here nor there, just a man—introduced by his colleagues, stores and stares at Kraft before he says a few words.

"I'm not stupid."

"No one implied you were."

Emptying with dread, Kraft slips his hands under the blanket to hide their trembling. "Will I need passing pills after the operation?"

"Dietetics? No. I wouldn't think so."

"No more arrhythmias?"

"We can't be sure of that. Sometimes the heart has a bad day."

"What kind of bad day, mean?"

"I can't explain all the physics and chemistry of the heart rhythm. But Kraft, if your collapse to have the arrhythmias, it would be benign. A mechanical thing. We have seen it in control."

"You said I did great with the exercises."

"Yes. We got the results we needed."

Dr. Gottfried returns with his operating clothes, holding the insulin folder. Looking now a little bored as well as fatigued, his voice slow, quiet.

"Any questions for me?"

"The risk?" Dr. What chance have we?

"That's the percent mortality risk. That covers all open heart surgery. A lot of it relates to heart disease more advanced than yours, where general health isn't so good as yours. There's a risk however, for you too. You know that."

Kraft nods. He suddenly doubts this rate he needs, what'll have the power of life over him. He closes his eyes.

a sound, his hand taked and the shoulder on that side sagging. When he closes the door, Kraft turns on Dr. Pritchett.

"What operation?" He said my heart's good. You said you got good results on that catheter. The day one yesterday said he got good results on his machine."

The doctor explains. The "good" results meant they were finding what they needed to know. They are all agreed now the fittings of the heart should be removed. A simple procedure for Dr. Gottfried—"he's the best you could find"—even if the endocardium is scarred enough to be adhesive. They are also agreed about the pulmonary valve. It will be removed and replaced by an artificial device made of a flexible metal alloy.

Dr. Gottfried will just pop it right in. We're not, however, certain of the aortic valve. "Dr. Gottfried will make that decision during surgery." Positive results are expected. There's the strong probability of the heart restored to nearly percent efficiency and a good possibility of total cure. Of course, you'll be on daily anti-coagulant medicines for the rest of your life. No big offer. The important point, as Dr. Gottfried said, is the heart is eventually cured. Surgery, done now, while Kraft is young and before the heart is irreparably weakened, is the determining factor. Of course, as in any surgery, there's a risk.

"Have I made it clear?" Can I answer any question, Mr. Kraft? I know we get too technical at times."

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"No one implied you were."

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"That's the percent mortality risk. That covers all open heart surgery. A lot of it relates to heart disease more advanced than yours, where general health isn't so good as yours. There's a risk however, for you too. You know that."

"As I said, there's no emergency. But I can fit you in two weeks from now. You could have it over with. Decide on day or two. I'd appreciate that. Talk it over with your wife. With Dr. Pelton. Let us know through him."

Home again. Kraft, as his medication, passed, grew depressed, and his heartache and insomnia, the anxiety, the medical-luxury pain, his sense of civilization, the minutes, and as before continued to blame himself as well as feel betrayed. He remembered, and he waited. He never looked in the mirror anymore. When he showed, he never saw himself. Sometimes he felt fearful. On the few days that he came around, he no longer went out to the sun and the pool but stayed indoors. He called no one, but answered the phone on his better days and kept up his end of the building with old buddies and some writers who still remembered. No one but Bill knew his despair.

When he passed the closed door to the end of his heroic history, his trophy room, he wasn't even aware that he kept himself from going in. The door might as well have been the wall. What he kept seeing now was behind his eyes. The face of Dr. Gottfried. It flashed like a blurred, tired, headless, powerful, probing quality before him, what Kraft felt weak. He began to exist the quality and despise the man and groped for a way by which he could begin to tell Bill.

One night, in bed with his wife, after he'd said the doctor to go, he got the surgery, which was now less than two weeks away, with the lights out and her figure illuminated only by a small glow of clouded moonlight entering through the cracked drapes. He thought her sleep had waned to keep his heart open, his head where he could easily make his outside shoulder. He touched gently. It was the first time since his discovery of his ignorance that he'd touched her in bed.

Immediately she moved across the sheet, nestled her head in his arm and pressed against his side. He rested his desire to pull away. He was truly pleased by the way she fit.

"Every day now I pray," she said. "Oh, not for you, don't pray for you. You're going to be fine. I swear it. How much I love you. You don't need me to pray for you. I need it. I do it for myself. So softly. Tenderly."

He spoke of what was on his mind. "That's a terrible thing to say." "You can't tell God anyone. Because I have the utmost confidence. To me that's how you call a man. You should see in his clinic. What the patients say about him. The eyes they have when they look at him. He looks through like a god. And I tell you something else. He has a vast understanding."

He moved his hand from her arm. "It's my heart, not yours," his voice had to whisper. "It's a man thing. You can't understand. A somethin' puts his hand in Bobby Kraft's heart. He pops in some goddamned metal voice. He's thick. He freaks me."

It's you. I feel sorry for you. Too bad. For any man I feel sorry who doesn't know who his real enemies. Not to know that that's your friend. That's the terrible thing can happen to a man in his life. Not to know who his enemies are. That's what he is. Kraft's devotion to the darkness. He says me too. If there's one thing I've always known, that's it. The vomitiches. Now Godfreak is. And there's no game. I don't even get to play.

You baby. Play. Play. It's because all your life you played a game for a boy. That's why you can't know. Precisely. I always knew that.

He pulled away from her. He got out of bed and leaned over her throatmanfully. Lay on back, honey. Kraft. I don't need you for the operation. To hell with the operation. I'll cut it off. How's that?

Here in home, with you. Try and make me leave. I am not a man. I don't need enemies.

He got out of bed to get away. The bitch. She'd caught him at a time when there was nothing left of him.

Kraft enters the hospital trying to convince it is a staid man. The act boils as long as his first seed of the antiques and the rubbery sound of a wheeled gamey.

He enters old man in his armchair. He enters the lines. He enters they keep pushing at him. He wants wheelchairs. EBF keeps starting and fleeing.

He has nothing to say to her. She wants his business to come, she says he needs them. He says if one of them comes, that's it. He clears out of the hospital, period. He wants to talk, but he can't imagine a proper answer. For two years he wondered what he never could have believed would've befitted him. There was no way to understand it, and thus has left him now with loose ends. He can't think of any arrangement of his hand that could gather them. They simply fall out.

It occurs to him he doesn't know enough people who are dead.

It occurs to him he can't speak enough. He thinks he will be all right. He thinks he will be able to long about afterwards. Then he sees his heart and Godfreak's hand, and he wants the story there at once to ask him what right he thinks he has.

It occurs to him he can't really like himself. It was just an excuse for something else.

It occurs to him he just made that up. It can't be so.

He wonders if he has ever really slept with EBF. With any woman.

A new policy that doesn't lock you in tomorrow... when your needs will be different than today.

■ You may raise or lower the amount of your policy.

■ You eliminate the need to choose between either Whole Life or Term Coverage.

If you're like most people, the kind and amount of life insurance you need and can afford will change several times during your lifetime. By buying or cancelling policies to meet these changing needs, you could wind up with several individually good policies and still not have the best overall plan for your particular situation.

But now, The Bankers Life of Des Moines makes it possible for you to be sure that the policy you buy today will fit your changing needs tomorrow.

With the new **Adjustable Life*** you may change your single, original policy to give you the best insurance plan to meet your needs at the moment. And you can do it without adding a new policy or cancelling an old one. Why? Because you eliminate the need to choose between term and whole life coverage and,

■ You may raise or lower the amount of your premium payments.

■ The value of your policy may be raised to cover cost-of-living increases.

within limits, you can raise or lower the face amount of your policy, or the premium payments. Chances are this means that once you have purchased **Adjustable Life**, you may never have to buy another policy over your lifetime.

Adjustable Life provides benefits no conventional life insurance policy can give you. Its unique capacity to adjust a long term insurance program to accommodate future uncertainties is an important feature not available in the kinds of policies you've been accustomed to buying. No longer are you locked in if circumstances make it desirable to alter the terms of your existing coverage.

For more information on **Adjustable Life** and why it may be the best kind of protection for you, contact your Bankers Life office listed in the Yellow Pages, or mail the coupon below.

*Available in 45 States.

THE BANKERS LIFE



BANKERS LIFE COMPANY • DES MOINES, IOWA 50301

The Bankers Life

Des Moines Iowa 50301

1108

I would like to have more information about **Adjustable Life**:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

He limits his development of a new

big idea. Sleep is a measure of defeat. Before games he never slept well.

Here, even at night, he keeps trying not to sleep. Most of the time he doesn't. He asks one of the doctors if it will matter in the outcome. They let him sleeping now. The doctor says: Nope.

On the morning of the surgery, a nurse comes in. She sneaks up on him. She jobs a needle in his arm before he can say: What are you doing? She knows where he can say: What the hell? You don't. I told you I was taking anything will make me sleep. He begins to fight the heavy feeling in his hand. He thinks he will talk to himself to keep awake and get it said. Say what?

Say it's only me here to go alone if there's no one going with me when he comes down like that from my apple to my gut to open where my heart is with a hand of blood just before the new gets off and goes from the apple to the gut down the middle of the horse while they pull the ribs and the way mine under the center's bolts while it made the signals to my blood and was from the time it ever was until they saw the goddamned Bobby Kraft slip a shoulder into it once and take back and let it go scurried up there the way it spins against the blue of it, the point of it, neither knows something on the jolted line to the lunging on so that was no go to them. You won't think the way. He feels the ball's gone and knows the rest of the work with better getting it as he goes on the rig and in and around that was going all the way cause it had the five side blue and called it on the line and faded against his keeping when Copper pulled him up and I let it go before the first time we with their hands pulling my ribs and cranking on some racket bar to keep me spread and why my God he rubbed hand on Godfreak down with his knids in my veins like a jelly sack the way he holds through it with my blood in a plastic tube with the flow of it into some machine that doesn't let me go back into me with blades like fingers on cast in the sun when I played it mad to my ticks and in the stores and over empty in the Coliseum like in hell before the court my God. Keep this my heart or let me die you some-where. Pray for me again EBF that I didn't love you the way such a little thing you are and it was to do and I couldn't, but what could you know me and what I had to do and what it was for me, here to be a thing in the lot and the park, and in the school too with all of them calling me out as we passed, and I wasn't any of that or how would I come to them in the present of a high money college and be as good as any of them and better than most of all those that run the show on the field that was Quarterbacks. Godfreak goddamned. The way he is supposed to, this Godfreak with that there and not my loser. Me? A loser? Because I say in the dead I feel none of the what? 44

The perfect Manhattan.
Open The Club
and you've got it made.



Somewhere you always knew it could be like this. The sophisticated blend of fine whiskey and sweet warmouts. We've mixed a Manhattan especially for perfectionists like you. And we've mixed it like nobody but The Club can. That should come as no great surprise. We've mixed more drinks than anyone else in the world. What's left for you? Just up and enjoy.

Open The Club and you've got it made.

The Club
Cocktails since 1875.

Presented by The Club Bottling Co., Hartford, CT

"Dear...looking after
Number One is fine, but
aren't you carrying it
a bit far?"



Remy Martin  **V.S.O.P.**
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC

©2000 Remy Martin Importers, Ltd. New York

White Sale.

Ski the Canadian Rockies... Banff, Jasper, Lake Louise, Whistler. You'll get great powder, longer runs, shorter lines and a terrific price. You can save even more with special group rates and discount air fares.



Basic package features 7 nights in Banff or Lake Louise, 6 days of lift tickets, airport and bus transfers to and from ski areas. All for just \$1599 to \$2649* per person plus air fare! Prices are based on double occupancy and vary depending upon accommodations and season.

Air Canada has daily nonstop flights to the Canadian Rockies from Los Angeles, San Francisco, New York and Chicago—and giant connections from other U.S. cities, too! That means you're within a few hours of the finest skiing on the continent. Just send for our "SkiStar" brochure and discover the most economical thing for sale this year, or call your local travel agent or Air Canada for details and fares from your city.

*Canadian dollars unless otherwise noted. Offer valid Nov. 1-31, 1989. See SKIFARI.

SKIFARI Air Canada, P.O. Box 8, Staten Island, New York, NY 10310

Send me my free "SkiStar" brochure

Name _____ Street _____ Zip _____
City _____ State _____

AIR CANADA 

15029-04

We can't afford to run out of ideas.



**Make
America
smarter.**

**Give to the
college of
your choice.**

A shortage becomes a crisis only when there is a shortage of leaders' minds to solve it. And for today's new-fish shortages, that means college-trained minds.

Colleges are facing an altogether different kind of shortage. They're having to drop courses, fire professors, close libraries, limit libraries. Without your help we'll lose the ultimate crisis on our hands: a shortage of ideas.



 Equal Housing Lender. See 1001, 1011, 1021.

 McGraw-Hill is the advertising group.

It's a lighter, mellower, better tasting whisky. And that's my professional opinion.

**Suntory Royal.
The Professional's Choice.**

The mystery-comedy that tastes
as good as it looks.



WHO IS KILLING THE GREAT CHEFS OF EUROPE?

A Delicious Mystery

Local dramatist
GEORGE LOUIS • JACQUES LA GAZETTE
and TONY CORNELL
NOW SHOWING THE GREAT CHEFS OF EUROPE
Co-Screenplay: MORRIS • Screenplay: NEIL ASHLAND and LEE RICH
Producer: WILLIAM ASHLAND • Director: TONY CORNELL • Starring: PETER SIOGAARD • Music: HENRY MARSHALL
Based on the novel: Someone's taking the Great Chefs of Europe by JOHN and PETER CORNELL
An Ashland Company-Lemur Production

PG PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED
Some Material May Be Inappropriate for Children

SCORSE

THEATRE DISTRICT
THEATRE DISTRICT
THEATRE DISTRICT

NOW PLAYING AT

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA LOEWS ORPHEUM MURRAY HILL

Broadway & 44th St.
869-8340

88th St. & 3rd Avenue
280-4607

34th St. & 3rd Ave.
695-7852

AND AT FLAGSHIP THEATRES THROUGHOUT THE AREA

Check Local Newspapers For The Theatre Nearest You



Who did that of the Loews, the under-the-company, advertising brief and house shorts? Not by the way, models in sketches—this is usually taken in the last of the film. Federal, the school under the school, there is a lot of people in the last of the film.

computer-union studio).

Most producers put these bids so that if something goes wrong, they can absorb the cost. If you have a lot of money about a bid of bids going along the line, you will find that no one knows how much it costs to put the most work. Right now, the most work is going to be the most work. So most production houses add a hundred thousand dollars to the estimate just to cover possibilities. Many big advertisers agree to pay all direct costs, giving the production house a certain percentage of these costs as its profit, and to make sure the production house does not simply run up the cost on the fly, the advertiser often has its own overseer who makes sure that every penny spent is necessary. For the film, who only spend a few million a year on TV, cannot be sure to go over the details, so they have to write for a guaranteed bid. The production house says, in effect, "For \$40,000 you get your commercial filmed. If we can keep costs down, we get the profit, but if

**Most commercials
cost from \$20,000 to
\$40,000 to make,
but fancy ones can
exceed \$100,000.**

costs run over that, we'll absorb the loss."

Most scriptwriters, of course, have no sense of costs. One who does is George Lois. "The production of my commercials is a piece of business—but it's done very simply, with great strength. I'll shoot all six of these commercials in one day. If I come out to make four thousand dollars on each one. Young & Rubicam, BBDO, these agencies, perhaps, these film makers, they can only secretly admit maybe a hundred thousand a spot."

As Lois suggests, he is an exception. Many writers and ad directors tend to

think big. Even if the commercial could be shot in a studio in New York or Los Angeles, as most are, writers tend to ignore how long it takes to capture just the right angle, the right scene, the right exit. Time—with the entire crew waiting and getting paid to wait—costs the most. If you had a man to shoot and if you could hire electricians and set up for an hour here and an hour there, you could spend much less. But ad men are always late, so a producer picks two days next month, hires everyone to come then, and the waiting begins.

Jerry Della Femina likes to write but hates to go on shoots. How come? He rolls his eyes to heaven. "Shooting? Shooting? Everybody be there at seven o'clock. You wonder why you must be there at seven o'clock. But you show up at seven o'clock. And you're there at seven o'clock watching guys move a camera. And we've improved everything in the world except the equipment you use to make a commercial. I mean, you

pull and you push. There are two guys carrying things on their back, like over the Roman Road, guys strapped to the wind moving game equipment over the floor, guys hating themselves, breaking their backs. We shoot a commercial the way we used to build pyramids.

There isn't the guy who stands there to spray food and make it look pretty. There's the guy who's assigned to record the *Dash News*. He weighs two hundred and seventy-five pounds. You don't even want

"Now the time passes."

"The guy is still reading his *Dash News*. You look at it and it's eleven thirty at night and the director is getting very mad at everybody. The script girl will not go home with anybody. The actors are blowing their lines now, it's two in the morning, and everyone feels like they're in a circus, they're Frank Capra or Henry Warner."

If we were really in advertising, the shoot would be over at two o'clock in the

involved—oh, my God—cussing on both counts. Spine people back and forth, the logistics of putting together a commercial in two weeks. One hundred and thirty thousand is a lot of money, but not when you think of the profits in the airline business, when somebody is paying three or four hundred dollars to be let out just before three or four hundred people on the plane and you're talking about three or four flights a day. Maybe that's why the commercials are the best thing on TV.

And sometimes you have to rest a longer to build your sets.

Okie says, "I remember a job that caused a producer to leave the business. We were shooting some TWA commercials in a big sound studio in California. It was a very big-budget job—we were shooting a whole packet of commercials. We had built a set, almost in a city city. We had mock-ups of the 747 on one side, mock-ups of the 737 on the other, mock-ups of an older plane on another—we had sets built in different parts of the studio. We were in there a couple of days doing air, and the thing had been built during the week before we came. The producer had been there to supervise the building. We shot our four commercials, two statics and two dramas. We wrapped. We did all this in production three months."

"I remember! Two producers and I were sitting on this piece of wood in the middle of this huge vast studio, with the workers like ants all over the place, leaning down what he had just built for over two hundred thousand dollars. They were ripping it apart. He looked at me and he said, 'I think this is gonna be my last job. I can't take the sweat out of it. I'm living in a fantasy world. I came out here. I spent a fortune, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars more than the average working man makes in twenty years—to build this, we shoot some film, and I tear it down, and I'm off to do something else for Alka-Seltzer.' The irony of it, the irony of it, I can't live it."

Such men are rare in this business, where most writers and directors dream of going on location. One writer came up with the idea of putting a five-story box of detergent out as a soap pylon, to be worshipped by hundreds of people. They went to Yugoslavia to build the thing, and as soon as it was built, rain came. For three weeks, the box fell over. So they went to Israel. They built another box. Protesters showed up. The film crew was decimating an ancient shrine.

Another writer decided to show a Chevy floating down the Grand Canal in Venice. They put the car on a raft that sank under the surface of the water and still floated, by putting the weight for enough in front the director made it look as if the Chevrolet was really driving down the canal. They showed Italians saying things that the subtitles translate as, "Look at the beautiful car." That



© SHOOTING STARS

They're down setting Black & Decker drills from 15,000 feet. Interestingly, desperate art directors are showing their splendorous products in kind out of nowhere.

to ask him what he does because you know he's going to punch you. So he sits there. He never gets up. He or he takes his eyes off that one corner. And he's not sleeping. There's a snoring guy when sleeping. There are maybe thirty-five or forty guys running around doing things. There's the script girl taser lady. Her main job is to look as though she can be made. Her words hurt. She's like the Red Cross lady, giving people dehydrated food with garbage and bad coffee. Every year's shooting at the girl at the beginning of the spot, the actors are playing to her. She's a about thirty-one years old, attractive. She always has a cigarette in her hand. I always suspect that if she really want to be with anyone, she'd be taking it. I'm sure that was twenty-seven seconds you've got to try again.

"And the first take is always at eleven thirty-five. Gay says, 'What do you think?' The director says, 'I think we should set that up a little differently.' They set it up all about twelve-thirty. Gay says, 'We got to break for lunch.' They always go to a very bad restaurant, somewhere downtown. They come back at two. They get their first shot.

"This is gonna be my last job," one producer said. "I can't take the unreality of it."

afternoon. We'll get set up, shoot, get it done, pack, and get out. It would be fine. But everyone's getting ready for that great script so we stay up until five in the morning.

Sometimes a rush drives costs up. Brian Glusky, a long-time guy, "I have spent fortunes on commercials. When I was at Wells, Rich, Greene, I did a thirty-second commercial that cost the client over one hundred and thirty thousand dollars. It was such a simple commercial—one man in the first class lounge of a 747. It could have been shot very inexpensively, but the client—TWA—needed it very quickly. The expenses

Introducing the Kodak Ektramax camera.

It shoots just about anything your eye can see.

Imagine taking indoor pictures of someone who's beyond the range of a flash. Or capturing the bright lights of a city at night. It's not a dream. It's Ektramax, the remarkable new Kodak Ektramax camera. Without flash, its f/1.9 lens and 900-speed film can shoot just about anything your eye can see. Even by candlelight. Flashes? Of course. The Ektramax camera has a built-in electronic flash that stops action cold. Ask your photo dealer about the new Ektramax camera, the ultimate "Can-Do" camera from Kodak.

© Ektramax Kodak Company 1976



How do you get more of the things you want in a receiver, without paying more than you want to? Simply by choosing one of Technics new receivers.

All Technics receivers, like the SA-400 shown below, are big on power, big on performance, big on technology, but not big on price. And that will make you big on Technics.

| Series | How much more than the other two (in dB) does it have in S/N ratio? | Total harmonic distortion (at 1 kHz) | THD | Power |
|--------|---|--------------------------------------|-------|----------|
| SA 400 | 40 watts | 0.05% | 0.01% | 40 watts |
| SA 300 | 20 watts | 0.05% | 0.01% | 20 watts |
| SA 200 | 10 watts | 0.05% | 0.01% | 10 watts |

So will hefty transformers, generous capacitors, bridged rectifiers and direct coupling. They're the ingredients that give a Technics receiver everything from the power to punch out deep bass notes, to the reserve power required to float through power-hungry musical passages without a trace of audible distortion. And in any language that speaks dynamic range.

So does our 3-stage direct-coupled phono equalizer section. It gives you a phono S/N ratio of 90 dB at 10 mV (IHF A) and an overload-resistant phono input that will accept virtually any cartridge. So your records will sound every bit as good as they should.

For good FM reception, you'd better have a tuner section sensitive enough to pull in even the weakest and most distant signals. And that's the kind of sensitivity you get: 10.8 dB (1.9 μ V IHF '58). That's impressive. That's the result of Technics-developed flat-group delay filters and a Phase Locked Loop IC in the MPX section. It's also why you get outstanding separation, negligible noise and negligible distortion.

The Technics SA-200, 300 and 400. They're all big on performance. They're all small on price.

Knowing what you want in a receiver is one thing. Being able to afford it is Technics.



Technics

commercial made a brief splash.

When Daniel & Charles agency sent people from the Lee Lucy studio to England to shoot a commercial demonstrating the "crushed look" of World Shavers, they borrowed the Duke of Bedford's from Iowa, sprayed it with green paint, added two thousand darts, built a bunker for the cameraman, rented a Sherman tank, and had the tank run over the shaver's severed limbs. Suit the duke afterward. "If it was a crushed look, they were after, they should have seen my face when I saw my lawn."

Gas sergeant's friend out that in Soviet Georgia, where some people live to be over 200 years old (one is 160), they eat a lot of yogurt. In a few weeks, an old man looked up a tree, looked flighty, moved in, and interwove some friendly old folks who could claim a century or so working outdoors as beekeepers, shepherds, or gardeners. Most did not yagari—and vegetables—but not much meat. They drank homemade wine. The film crew gave out Dannon yogurt and filmed the costars eating it and doing up their native crafts. They made several commercials from these cute scenes. One made "Eighty-nine-year-old Rigel Topogian liked Dannon so much he ate two cups. That pleased his mother very much. She smokes and puts him Soviet cigarettes were removed of the popularity of the commercial—and flatly denied taking it seriously—argued that yogurt was not the only thing that keeps people alive for a century. Hard work outdoors and the respect of an extended family are at least as important as yogurt, stated a doctor from the Kure Institute of Gerontology. "The person made things, and he was happy."

Some commercials don't need to be shot on location or get advertising efforts, though. Some, due from airplanes, often involve hours of tedious preparation and testing, but they let us see things as if we were birds—or golf balls. Labor-Kate Partners decided that we might want to see what a golf course looks like from on top of the ball as it spins down the first hole. And so we do. Where? We go up first, just behind a Max's ball spinning backward as we look down at the Braemar Country Club, in Tarzana, California. The Max's is really a specially made "golf ball" the size of a basketball, painted white and mounted on a colorless slug and a helicopter. The cameraman was strapped underneath the helicopter; below him was a net in case he fell. Even more outrageous: Millions were made up a giant Mobyak carpet, unrolled at the length of the local airport and had a plane land on it.

Such spots encourage us to imagine life the way bats do. Plus, as bats on the wing, we see fly, and even can too—and we drop them. Jack Reel, at Duacer



Kid-line cameramen can drive the rest of a commercial's production up to \$150,000. Time with the editor is a talking and being paid to start, costs the most.

To demonstrate the "crushed look" of a client's shoes, one agency rented a Sherman tank.

Fitzgerald Sample agency wanted the new Toyota to float in space, but he didn't want any trick photography, and he needed the finished commercial in a month. He hired "one of the best riggers in the business" who took a big truck and built a structure on it with a strong steel arm that went out like a scissor arm. "Now this arm did a double in hold the car. And inside the car we put gears. When we activated this electronically, it would turn. We could shoot underneath, back to front, it could tilt and turn and level, and we could go underneath it."

But when we first regarded the car in the field and he yelled, "Okay, let her go, in soon as he said that, whoop, the truck went up in the air, and the car dropped." "Oh well," he said. "So then he got eight tons on the front of his truck to hold it down. Then we swirled about the car holding the car. We went into the studio and cut through the floor and put chains around the sides of the truck and chained it to bedrock. So then the car starts doing that twisting and turning some twenty feet up in the air, and we start filming."

"We had dummies in the car—we couldn't get real people up there with all

the gears, and besides, no person would get in that thing—and every once in a while the car would tilt and a damn a lens would fly out. The commercial's lens" was designed off by adding Christmas tree lights on black drapes to look like stars.

It's impossible to make this an simply happen, either. It's more complex, various of a child's knowledge a try off a table or skimming it over the water in the bath. It's a minor extension of its own. Volkswagen once drove a car off a pier and into the water; once the water became it flooded "Bunsen" it dropped. In fact, it shot so far out to sea they had to use a motorboat to bring it back. Ford figured their car was just a straight and rolled a pool. They lowered the car into the water. It sank.

More expensive are the operations in which the producer plays doctor on a car, taking it apart. Of course when a child takes something apart, it's a trap. But why isn't it? It's an interesting question? Several producers have spent hours of mechanics time reconstructing that Ferrari Chevrolet once cut an engine in half lengthwise and drove both halves down the street. Extra wheels and tiny gas tanks were added on the inside, and the oil agency had a engine in the driver.

Such effects may look like trick photography, but they aren't. They appeal to our enormous, which is always a child, because they make "real" what we previously only imagined. Sometimes this reality is impossible to achieve, then the Alex or Wollastone effect can be put across with the cameramen's magic.

When the may mosaic walks among West End view cookers twice as tall as he is or from against the buttons of Sony robes as big as a house, our cameras shoots the producer, another shoots the spokesmodels, very far off, and by pressing a button labeled "key," the producer "keys" the woman into the pot. But whether they do it in reality or in video gear, most producers must on making the movie as real as possible—for their sales and their buyers, not just for us.



The second half of the *Pepsi* carter up with the first half. In this fantasy spot produced for American Motors, the street is a blue sheet as first a major in blue.

Some inner experiences, though, can not be shown photographically—the feeling of an attack of indigestion, for instance. So the producer may turn to a computer-animation studio like Delphi Productions in New York for help. With *Pepsi-Bristol*, for example, we see a sorry-looking executive worrying his eyebrows, his pencil his mouth fiddling his mouth. Behind him a guy is washing the windows. The executive looks up with white-eyed terror. He turns green, literally, and says, "Indigestion!"—in his ghostly form bubbles like a blue house appear—"grace." The window washer starts to him. And the announcer says, "Pepsi-Bristol" as the label runs across the screen and erases the scene. Now a woman is sitting on a white sofa with her terror. "Indigestion!" she says, purple, and her swollen belly wiggles toward the dog—"Pepsi!" The dog gets up, he looks off. *Scarf!* Now a construction worker gets her. His belly fills out in orange. Then the dog's words get coated with pink liquid. It pours down inside the white letters that spell out *COAST GUARDIAN*. How's it done? First

the Delphi crew records the image of a red environment for the background. Then they place the actor who is about to suffer in front of a blue curtain. His image is fed into an analog computer that allows Delphi to manipulate his shape to express a particular form of digestive distress—rubbishy bones, bloating belly. Appropriate colors, such as purple, green, and orange, are washed over the actor at the same time. Then, showing the background throughout, the Delphi

of electrons, a blue number—partly real, partly abstract—flashes into place from the right. From the left, about fifty orange basketball players rush in and become oars from the right, twenty hockey players left, twenty players right. All do some as a bottle top spins toward us, with the Pepsi label. We open that and up real pictures through it: a giraffe, tennis doubles, scuba divers, then the fast-cut disco scenes reduce into the bottle again. We hear a loud sound of pouring. As we hear the gurgles, a line forming waves runs through the picture, what shows below is a picture of Pepsi bottles on ice, melting. The circular motion gets masked by a black mist that shifts in front of us, narrowing down so we can only see the bottles through an oval in the middle of a solid-blue field. Then from the lower right, blurred letters rush up, taking off loose electrons, to form the logo: Pepsi.

The producer of such commercials provides over a busy world in which he uses dozens of people, tons of time and talent and hundreds of feet of film to create the illusion that with a certain product we can fly like a golf ball or drive on water. If asked why he does this, a production chief might answer: "To make money and to sell the product."

But for most of these grown-ups, working all these hours, using so many bad doughnuts, the real product is the commercial. Yes, it may show paper towels—later. But for the production crew, such results seem transcendental. And what kind of product have they made? Forty-five feet of film, or one hundred frames of videotape, when called. An artificial universe in which we can indulge in dreams of having magical powers to change our size, shape, location, car, even our visual perceptions by swallowing something, saying a rhyme, or having a scary object.

When we watch these spots, we're not spending time on comparative shopping or intellectual testing of real claims. So what are we doing? Radical critics of television point out that television is essentially a tool to view television as a device to collect thousands of viewers, a "product" to be sold to the advertisers. But in fact, the commercials are also part of the entertainment—the best part if we define entertainment as the fantasy satisfaction of more or less unconscious impulses.

From this point of view, the writers, actors, director and producer of a commercial may all be seen as unwitting partners with the audience in a vast dance of culture as we perform and applaud our own inner life with logic and logic—thirty-second fragments. An emblem for our collective unconscious and as the more and more of our constant financial interaction, commercials may be America's most significant product. —



To become a truly successful dresser, you have to start at the bottom.

NUNN BUSH
SHIRTS & TIES

Illustration: Bill Macdonald for Esquire
© 1978 Nunn Bush Shoe Company, 40 Hudson Way, New York

THE WORKS

by Joan Kron and Suzanne Slesin

Reprinted from the forthcoming book HIGH TECH: The industrial look and how to use it by Joan Kron and Suzanne Slesin, designed by Walter D'Arcangelo, to be published in November by Clarkson N. Potter Publishers. Illustrated by Celia Phillips Inc. Copyright © 1989 by Joan Kron and Suzanne Slesin.



Daniel Woodhead (3411 Woodhead Drive, Northbrook, IL 60062, 312-373-7900) used lamp is \$13 at Moras (362 Meville St., N.Y. 10013).

There is a new resale-out look about some homes today—a flouting of pipes, wires, conduits, electrical wires, forced-air ducts, electrical cords, and work lights. Measureable: the flow of equipment and



Portable fluorescent fixture by Daniel Woodhead is about \$13 at Moras.

LIGHTING

Industrial lighting has always been right-peak ahead of residential lighting. From halophanes and super-tight fixtures to spot and task lights, there is a diversity of fixtures available from commercial and industrial sources that have potential for residential use.



Architect Alan Ruschbaum and lighting designer Paul Moravcsik chose a super-tight fixture for over a bathroom sink.



Designer Ralph Bladler's spotlights are \$18 to \$75 each at Manhattan Ad Hoc Homewares 1847 Lexington Ave., N.Y. 10021, 212-752-5484.

Rylee Mahler (2608 Electric Way, Chantilly, Va. 20151, 703-392-6111) lights edge Alan Ruschbaum's bedroom.

Below: Designer Ward Bennett uses a Lighting Services (150 East 58 St., N.Y. 10022, 212-618-4631) "bare" door fixture for direct light in his apartment.





Designer Jay Specter had an earlier lavatory duplicated in the home of his client Robin Roberts by a restaurant-equipment fabricator.

PLUMBING & HARDWARE

Although bathroom renovations are at an all-time high, few people are aware of the wealth of options available from laboratory, hospital, and institutional catalogs. There are freestanding hospital tubs (the contemporary counterpart of the old-fashioned oval tub) and faucets that can be turned on with an elbow or a foot. And from the institutional supplier, there is a full range of products from liquid-soap dispensers to urinals. In hardware, hospital grab bars and plumbing fixtures, wall-mount soap dispensers, metal towel racks, professional pot racks, and Con Edison stainless guardrails can all easily be appropriated for the home.



David Woodard's \$347 screw-on plug is about \$3 at Home (552 River St., N.Y. 10013, 212-226-6324).



Christian Berghel-Evangelin chose a Bradley Corp. (P.O. Box 321, Mounton, N.J., 800-215-7426) hand dryer.



Tina Mullen decked her Sprinkle Co. (P.O. Box 39, Wilmington, Del. 19899, 302-394-7100) bathroom fixtures.



A public restroom soap dish was used by designer Richard Preney.

Left: Designer Ward Bennett's jewels hang on a Con Edison guardrail (about \$100) made by Schaffel Metal Products (117-06 95 Ave., Jamaica, N.Y. 11433, 212-637-0303).

CHEMICAL GLASS

Borosilicate (borax plus silica) glass, the first glass capable of withstanding sudden shifts of heat and cold, was developed by the Corning Glass Works in 1912 for use in military signal lamps. Vycor, a 96-percent silica glass so heat resistant that a piece of it could be heated to 900 degrees and then plunged into ice water without breaking, was introduced in 1939. Today, reasonably priced, heat-resistant laboratory glass in its myriad sizes and shapes is primarily manufactured by Corning and Kimble.



The Arthur H. Thomas Co.'s (Ware and Third streets, P.O. Box 779, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105, 215-374-4500) laboratory glass, above, ranges in price from \$10 for the milk beaker to \$8.25 for the dressing jar, which holds the pasta.



For excitement, he collects stamps.

He's Dana Stetser. Architect. Skyscraper builder.

And when he's not building buildings, he likes to build something else. His stamp collection.

"Design is part of my life," says Dana, "and some of the most fascinating designs I've ever seen are in my collection of U.S. Commemoratives."

Through the years, Commemorative stamps have captured the spirit of the people, the places and events that have helped make America, America. There are new issues at your local Post Office every

few weeks. You'll even find a guide called *Stamps & Stories* to help you get started.

U.S. Commemoratives are an easy, affordable way for you to start building your own collection. So start collecting now, with the American Trees Stamps. You'll be building a collection you and your family can share and enjoy for years.

"My son's a collector himself," says Dana, "and maybe someday my grandson will have as much fun collecting stamps as we do."

U.S. Postal Service

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American Trees Stamps (available October 93)

The Right Stuff

by Suzanne Slesin and Anita Leclerc



Bear This, Hear This

This miniature, wireless microphone can pick up and transmit voices and other sounds through any standard FM radio. It's \$24.95, including battery (add \$1.50 for postage), from M.I. Industries, Dept. PKIA, 50 Hart St., Winstown, Mass. 02172.

Tray Chic

The lid of the cabinet, below, is unrolled, showing its container. ABS plastic, \$15 list at Auhler International Ltd., 995 Madison Ave., N.Y. 10022.



Road Show

Easily crisscross in city streets or vans, the Pioneer On Board computer performs forty-four functions at the touch of a button. Trip information is instantly displayed on readout panels. \$449. Call (800) 527-7914 (toll free) for a store near you.



High Camp

You can tote up to seventy pounds in the Yakpak Trekker framesack pack. A floating hip belt extends the capacity into the range of larger pack frames. \$115. The Yak Works, PO Box 70254, Seattle, Wash. 98107.

Collect U.S. Commemoratives. They're fun. They're history. They're America.

The Idealist




We sat, my father and I,
and indulged in fine cigars and the taste of Pinch.
Then we did something we rarely do.
We talked.

Precious moments deserve more than ordinary scotch.



Pinch 12 year old Scotch
Extraordinary taste by Haig & Haig.

A man in a cowboy hat and vest is shown in profile, smoking a cigarette. He is holding a lasso. In the foreground, two packs of Marlboro cigarettes are visible: a red pack labeled 'Marlboro 100's' and a gold pack labeled 'Marlboro 100's'.

Come to where the flavor is.



**Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 17 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine—
100's: 18 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78